

Robin Hood's Garland.

BEING A COMPLETE

HISTORY

OF ALL THE

NOTABLE and MERRY EXPLOITS

PERFORMED

By HIM and his MEN on many Occasions.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A PREFACE

GIVING

A more full and particular Account of his BIRTH,
&c. than any hitherto Published.



*I'll send this Arrow from my Bow,
And in a Wager will be bound,
To hit the Hart aright, although
It were for fifteen hundred Pound.
Doubt not I'll make the Wager good,
Or ne'er believe bold ROBIN HOOD.*

Adorned with Twenty-eight neat and curious CUTS.

HULL: Printed and Sold by J. FERRABY,
in the Butchery.

TO ALL
GENTLEMEN ARCHERS.

THIS GARLAND has been long out of Repair,
Some SONGS being wanting, of which we give
Account :

For now at last, by true industrious Care,

The Sixteen SONGS to Twenty-seven we mount,
Which large Addition needs must please, I know,
All the ingenious YEOMEN of the Bow.

To read how ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN,

Brave SCARLET, STUTELY, valiant, bold and free,
Each of them bravely, fairly play'd the Man,

While they did reign beneath the Green Wood Tree
Bishops, Friars, likewise many more,
Parted with their Gold for to increase their Store,
But never would they rob or wrong the Poor. }



T H E

PREFACE to the READER.

THERE is scarce any story so little known, for one so very popular, as that of **ROBIN HOOD** and **LITTLE JOHN**. Numbers there are who look upon all that is said of them as fabulous, and believe them (like the Heroes and Gods of Homer and Ovid to have existed no where but in the fertile brain of an inventing Poet. Nor is this the opinion of an unthinking people; I have often heard it asserted by men of good sense; but that they are grossly mistaken is very certain; for King Richard the first, transported with zeal, blindly sacrificed every thing to it, and ruined himself and almost his whole nation, to carry on a war against the Infidels in the Holy Land, where he went in person. The intestine troubles of England were very great at that time; and even John, the King's brother, caballed to dethrone him, and take possession of his kingdom. This was an opportunity which the Outlaws and Banditti would by no means neglect, and England was every where infested with thieves and robbers. But amongst those, none made so considerable a figure as **ROBIN HOOD**; who, as historians assure us, chiefly resided in Yorkshire; but who, if we may give any credit to most of our Old Songs, was very conversant in the county of Nottingham. Besides **LITTLE JOHN**, he had an hundred Bowmen in his retinue, but none but the Rich stood in awe of him: So far from spoiling the Poor, he did them all the good that lay in his power. Of the Rich, he seldom abused those whom he robbed; and never offered to stop or rifle any Woman. It is not very positively known who he was; but the general opinion of the historians is, that he was a nobleman; by birth noble, and created an Earl for some

considerable service done to his country in war. But having riotously spent his estate, he took that way of living, rather chusing to venture his life, for every thing he got, than to live in a dependant state, and being beholden to any body for his bread. Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Chief Justiciary of England, endeavouring all he could to suppress those Robbers and Outlaws, set a very considerable Price upon the Head of ROBIN HOOD, and several stratagems were used to apprehend him; but all their attempts proved fruitless. Force he repelled by force, and art by cunning; till at length falling ill, he went (in order to be better taken care of) to Birkleys, a Nunnery in Yorkshire, where he desired to be let blood; but the reward set upon his head being very considerable, it proved a great temptation to some who knew him, by whom he was betrayed; and instead of bleeding as he desired, he was blooded to death, about the latter end of 1395.---As to the following Song, with which we shall begin this Collection, I think I need not say any thing in commendation of it, being the most beautiful, and one of the oldest extant on that subject. One thing we must observe in reading it, and that is, between some of the stanzas we must suppose a considerable time to pass. Clorinda might be a very forward girl, if between Robin Hood's question and her answer, we did not suppose two or three hours to have been spent in courtship. And between Robin Hood's being entertained at Gamewell Hall, and his having ninety-three Bowmen in Sherwood, we must allow some years. I know not how our Critics will relish this; but I would have them remember, that the poets of old scorned to curb the poetic fire, to give way to dull rule. They had no tedious comment upon Aristotle to consult; no Bossus nor Dennis to guide them; or at least, they had too much spirit to be guided by them. Their works were the first flight of a lively imagination; and poets were looked upon, like other Englishmen, born to live and write with freedom.

ROBIN

ROBIN HOOD's GARLAND, &c.

1. *The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robin Hood with Clorinda, Queen of Titbury Feast.*

Supposed to be related by the Fidler who played at the Wedding.



KIND gentlemen will you be silent awhile,
 Aye, and then you shall hear anon,
 A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,
 And of his man brave Little John.
 In Locksley town, in merry Nottinghamshire,
 In merry sweet Locksley town,
 There bold Robin Hood he was born and bred,
 Bold Robin of famous renown.
 The father of Robin a forester was,
 And shot with a lusty strong bow :
 Two north country miles and an inch at a shot;
 As the Pinder of Wakefield doth know ;
 For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
 And William of Cloudesley,
 To shoot with our forester for forty marks,
 And our forester beat them all three.
 His mother was niece to the Coventry knight,
 Which Warwickshire men call Sir Guy,

For he flew the blue boar that hangs up at his gate,
 Or my host at the Bull tells a lie,
 Her brother Gamwell, of Great Gamwell hall,
 A noble housekeeper was he,
 Aye, as ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,
 And a squire of famous degree.
 The mother of Robin said to her husband,
 My Honey, my Love, and my Dear,
 Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamwell,
 To taste of my brother's good cheer.
 And he said, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan,
 Take one of my horses, I pray :
 The sun is arising, and therefore make haste,
 For to-morrow is Christmas-day.
 Then Robin Hood's father's gray gelding was brought
 And saddled and bridled was he ;
 God wot, a blue bonnet, his new suit of cloaths,
 A cloak that hung to his knee.
 She got on her holiday kirtle and gown,
 They were of a light Lincoln green ;
 The cloth was home-spun, but for colour and make,
 It might have becomed our Queen,
 And then Robin got on his basket hilt sword,
 And a dagger on the other side ;
 And said, my dear mother, let's haste to be gone,
 We have forty long miles for to ride.
 When Robin was mounted on his gelding so gray,
 His father without any trouble,
 Set her up behind him, and bid her not fear,
 For his geiding had oft carried double.
 And when she was settled, they rode to their neigh-
 And drank and shook hands with them all ; (bours,
 And then Robin gallop'd and never gave over,
 'Till they lighted at Gamwell Hall.
 And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire,
 Was joyful his sister to see ;
 He kiss'd her, and press'd her, and swore a great oath,
 Thou art welcome kind sister to me.
 The morrow, when mass had been said in the chapel,
 Six tables were cover'd in the hall,
 And in comes the 'squire, and makes a short speech,
 It was, Neighbours, you are welcome all,

But not a man here shall taste my March beer,
 Till a Christmas Carol he does sing,
 Then they all clapp'd their hands, and shouted and sung;
 'Till the hall and the parlour did ring.
 Now mustard and brawn, roast beef and plumb pies,
 Were set upon every table :
 And noble George Gamwell said, eat and be merry,
 And drink as long as you're able.
 When dinner was ended, his chaplain said grace ;
 And be merry, my friends, said the 'squire ;
 It rains and it blows, but call for more ale,
 And lay some more wood on the fire.
 And now call ye Little John hither to me,
 For Little John is a fine lad,
 At gambols and juggling, and twenty such tricks,
 As shall make you both merry and glad.
 When Little John came, to gambols they went,
 Both gentlemen, yeomen, and clowns :
 And what do you think ? Why, as true as I live,
 Bold Robin Hood put them all down.
 And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire
 Was joyful this sight for to see :
 For he said, Cousin Robin, thou goest no more home,
 But tarry and dwell here with me.
 Thou shalt have my land when I die, and till then
 Thou shalt be the staff of my age.
 Then grant me my boon, dear uncle, said Robin,
 That Little John may be my page.
 And he said, kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon ;
 With all my heart, so let it be,
 Then come hither, Little John, said Robin Hood,
 Come hither my page unto me :
 Go fetch me my bow, my longest bow,
 And broad arrows one, two, or three ;
 For when 'tis fair weather we'll into Sherwood,
 Some merry pastime for to see.
 When Robin Hood came to merry Sherwood,
 He winded his bugle so clear :
 And twice five and twenty good yeomen so bold,
 Before Robin Hood did appear.
 Where are your companions all ? said Robin Hood,
 For still I want forty and three ;

Then

Then, said a bold Yeoman, Lo! yonder they stand,
 All under the green wood tree.
 As that word was spoke Clorinda came by,
 The queen of the shepherds was she;
 And her gown was of velvet as green as the grass,
 And her buskin did reach to her knee:
 Her gait it was graceful, her body was straight,
 And her countenance free from pride,
 A bow in her hand, and a quiver of arrows,
 Hung dangling by her sweet side.
 Her eye-brows were black, aye, and so was her hair,
 And her skin was as smooth as glass:
 Her visage spoke wisdom and modesty too;
 Sits with Robin Hood such a lass!
 Says Robin Hood, Lady fair, whither away,
 O whither, fair Lady, away?
 And she made him answer, to kill a fat buck;
 For to-morrow is Titbury day.
 Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, will you wander with me,
 A little to yonder green bower;
 There sit down to rest you; and you shall be sure
 Of a brace or a leash in an hour.
 And as we were going towards the green bower,
 Two hundred good bucks we espied;
 She chose out the fattest that was in the herd,
 And she shot through side and side.
 By the faith of my body, said bold Robin Hood,
 I never saw woman like thee;
 And com'st thou from east, or com'st thou from west,
 Thou need'st not beg ven'son of me.
 But however along to my bower you shall go,
 And taste of a forester's meat:
 And when we came thither we found as good cheer,
 As any man needs for to eat.
 For there was hot venison, and warden pies cold,
 Cream clouted, and honey-combs plenty;
 And the servitors they were, besides Little John,
 Good yeomen at least four and twenty.
 Clorinda said, tell me your name, gentle sir;
 And he said, 'tis bold Robin Hood:
 'Squire Gamwell's my uncle, but all my delight
 Is to dwell in merry Sherwood;

For 'tis a fine life, and 'tis void of all strife,
 So 'tis, Sir, Clorinda reply'd;
 But, oh! said bold Robin, how sweet it would be,
 If Clorinda would be my sweet bride?
 She blush'd at the motion; yet after a pause,
 Said, Yes Sir, with all my heart:
 Then let us send for a priest, said Robin Hood,
 And be married before we do part.
 But she said, it may not be so, gentle Sir,
 For I must be at Titbury feast;
 And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,
 I'll make him the most welcome guest.
 Said Robin Hood, reach me that buck, Little John,
 For I'll go along with my dear:
 And bid my yeomen kill six brace of bucks,
 And meet me to-morrow just here.
 Before we had ridden five Staffordshire miles,
 Eight yeomen who were too bold,
 Bid Robin Hood stand and deliver his buck,
 A truer tale never was told.
 I will not faith, said bold Robin, come Little John,
 Stand by me, and we'll beat them all. (em
 Then both drew their swords, and so cut 'em and slash'd
 That five out of the eight did fall.
 The three who remain'd call'd to Robin for quarter,
 And piteous John begg'd their lives;
 When John's boon was granted, he gave them good
 And sent them all home to their wives. (counsel,
 This battle was fought near to Titbury town,
 When the bagpies baited the bull;
 I'm the king of the fiddlers, and I swear 'tis a truth,
 And I call him that doubts it a gull.
 For I saw them fighting, and fiddled the while,
 And Clorinda sung "Hey derry down!"
 "The bumkins are beaten, put up thy sword Bob,
 "And now let's dance into the town."
 Before we came in we heard a great shouting,
 And all who were in it look'd madly;
 For some were on bull-back, some dancing a morrice,
 And some singing Arthur-a-Bradley.
 And there we saw Thomas, our Justice's clerk,
 And Mary to whom he was kind;

For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary madam,
 And kiss'd her full sweetly behind :
 And so may your Worship. But we went to dinner,
 With Thomas, and Mary, and Nan ;
 They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her,
 Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.
 When dinner was ended, Sir Roger the parson
 Of Dunbridge was sent for in haste,
 He brought his mass book, and bid them take hands,
 And join'd them in marriage full fast.
 And then as bold Robin Hood and his sweet bride,
 Went hand and hand unto the green bower,
 The birds sung with pleasure in merry Sherwood,
 And it was a most joyful hour.
 And when Robin Hood came in sight of the bower,
 Where are my Yeomen? said he,
 And Little John answer'd, Lo! yonder they stand,
 All under the green wood tree.
 Then a garland they brought her by two and by two,
 And plac'd it all on the bride's head :
 The music struck up, and they all fell a dancing,
 'Till the bride and the bridegroom were in bed,
 And what they did there must be counsel to me,
 Because they lay long the next day ;
 And I made haste home ; but I got a good piece
 Of bride cake, and so came away.
 Now out, alas ! I had forgotten to tell ye
 That married they were with a ring ;
 'And so will Nan Knight, or be buried a maiden :
 And now let us pray for the king,
 That he may get children, and they may get more,
 To govern and do us some good ;
 And then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bower,
 And sing them in merry Sherwood.



2. Robin Hood's *progress* to Nottingham, in which he
slew Fifteen Foresters.

To the Tune of bold Robin Hood, &c.



ROBIN HOOD was a tall young man,
Derry, derry down,
At fifteen winters old;
And Robin Hood was a proper young man,
Of courage stout and bold. Hey down, &c.
Robin Hood went unto fair Nottingham,
With the Generals for to dine;
There was he aware of fifteen foresters,
Drinking beer, ale, and wine.
What news? What news? said bold Robin Hood,
What news fain would'st thou know?
Our king has provided a shooting match,
And I'm ready with my bow.
We hold it in scorn, said the fifteen foresters,
That ever a boy so slim,
Should bear a bow before our king,
That's not able to draw one string.
I'll hold you twenty marks, said bold Robin Hood,
By the leave of our Lady,
That I'll hit the mark an hundred rod,
And I'll cause a hart to die.
We'll hold you twenty marks then, said the foresters,
By the leave of our Lady,
Thou hit'st not the mark an hundred rod,
Nor cause the hart to die.
Robin Hood bent his noble good bow,
And a broad arrow he let fly:
He hit the mark a hundred rod,
And caused a hart to die.
Some say he broke ribs one or two,
And some say he broke three;

The

The arrow in the hart would not abide,
 But it glanced in two or three.
 The hart did skip, and the hart did leap,
 And the hart lay on the ground,
 The wager is mine, said Robin Hood,
 If it were for a thousand pounds.
 The wager is none of thine, said the foresters,
 Altho' thou be'st in haste,
 Take up thy bow, and get thee hence,
 Lest we thy sides should baste.
 Robin Hood took up his noble good bow,
 And his broad arrows all amain :
 And Robin being pleas'd, began for to smile,
 As he went over the plain.
 Then Robin he bent his noble good bow,
 And his broad arrows he let fly,
 Till fourteen of the fifteen foresters
 Upon the ground did lie.
 He who did the quarrel first begin,
 Went tripping o'er the plain ;
 But Robin Hood bent his noble good bow,
 And fetch'd him back again :
 You said I was no archer, said Robin Hood,
 But say so now again ;
 With that he sent another arrow after him,
 Which split his head in twain.
 You have found me an archer, says bold Robin Hood,
 Which will make your wives to wring,
 And wish you had never said the word,
 That I could not have drawn one string.
 The people who did live in fair Nottingham,
 Came running out amain,
 Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood,
 Who had the foresters slain.
 Some lost legs, and some lost arms,
 And some did lose their blood ;
 But Robin he took up his noble good bow,
 And is gone to the merry Green Wood.
 They carried these foresters to fair Nottingham,
 As many there did know,
 They digg'd them graves in their Church-yard,
 And buried them all on a row.

3. Robin Hood and the Jolly Pinder of Wakefield.

Shewing how he fought with Robin Hood, Will Scarlet and Little John, a long Summer's Day.

To an excellent new Northern Tune.



IN Wakefield there lives a jolly Pinder,
 In Wakefield all on the green,
 In Wakefield all on the green,
 There is never a knight nor 'squire, said the Pinder,
 Nor baron so bold, nor baron so bold,
 Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,
 But his pledge goes to the pinfold,
 But his pledge goes to the pinfold.
 All this was heard by three witty young men,
 'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John,
 With that they espied the jolly Pinder,
 As he sat under a thorn.
 Now turn again, turn again, said the Pinder,
 For a wrong way you have gone;
 For you have forsaken the king's highway,
 And made a path over the corn.
 O that was a shame, said jolly Robin,
 We being three, and thou but one.
 The Pinder leap'd back then thirty good feet,
 'Twas thirty good feet and one.
 He lean'd his back fast to a thorn,
 And his foot against a stone,
 And there he fought a long summer's day,
 And a summer's day so long,
 Till that their swords and their broad bucklers,
 Were broken fast in their hands.
 Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold Robin Hood,
 And my merry men every one;

Robin

B

For

For this is one of the best Pinders,
 That ever I try'd with a sword.
 And wilt thou forsake thy Pinder's craft,
 And live in the Green Wood with me;
 At Michaelmas next my covenant comes out,
 When every man gathers his fee.
 Then I'll take my blue blade in my hand,
 And plod to the Green Wood with thee.
 Hast thou either meat or drink, said Robin Hood,
 For my merry men and me?
 I have both bread and beef, said the Pinder,
 And good ale of the best;
 And that's good meat enough, said Robin Hood,
 For such unbidden guests.
 O, wilt thou forsake thy Pinder's craft,
 And go to the Green Wood with me?
 Thou shalt have a livery twice a year,
 One green and the other brown shall be.
 If Michaelmas once was come and gone,
 And my master had paid me my fee,
 Then would I set as little by him,
 As my master doth by me.

4. ROBIN HOOD and the BISHOP.

Shewing how Robin Hood went to an old Woman's house and changed clothes with her, to escape from the Bishop; and how he robbed him of all his Gold, and made him sing Mass.

Tune of, Robin Hood and the Stranger.



COME Gentlemen all, and listen awhile,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,
 And a story to you I'll unfold;

I'll

I'll tell you how Robin Hood served the bishop,

When he robbed him of his gold.

As it fell out on a sun-shiny day,

When Phœbus was in his prime,

Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,

In mirth would spend some time.

And as he walked the forest along,

Some pastime for to spy,

There he was aware of a proud bishop,

And of all his company.

O what shall I do, said Robin Hood then,

If the bishop he should take me ;

No mercy he'll shew unto me, I know,

Therefore away I'll flee.

Then Robin was stout, and turn'd him about,

And a little house there did spy ;

And to an old wife, to spare his life,

He aloud began to cry.

Why, who art thou, said the old woman,

Come tell to me for good ?

I am an Outlaw, as many do know,

My name it is Robin Hood.

And yonder's the bishop and all his men,

And if that I taken be,

Then day and night he'll work me spite,

And hanged I shall be.

If thou be Robin Hood ! said the old woman,

As thou doth seem to be,

I'll for thee provide, thy person to hide,

From the bishop and his company.

For I remember one Saturday night,

Thou brought'st me both shoes and hose,

Therefore I'll provide thy person to hide,

And keep thee from thy foes.

Then give me soon thy coat of grey,

And take thou my mantle of green ;

Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,

And take thou my arrows so keen.

And when Robin Hood was thus array'd,

He went straight to his company.

With the spindle and twine he oft looked behind,

For the bishop and his company.

Oh! who is yonder, quoth Little John,
 That now comes over the lee?
 An arrow at her I will let fly,
 So like an old witch looks she.
 Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood then,
 And shoot not thy arrows so keen:
 I am Robin Hood, thy master good,
 As quickly shall be seen.
 The bishop he came to the old woman's house,
 And called with a furious mood,
 Come let me see, and bring unto me,
 The traitor Robin Hood.
 The old woman she sat on a milk white steed;
 Himself on a dapple grey.
 And for joy he had got Robin Hood,
 He went laughing all the way.
 But as they were riding the forest along,
 The bishop he chanc'd for to see,
 A hundred brave bowmen, stout and bold,
 Stand under the green wood tree.
 O! who is yonder, the bishop then said,
 That's ranging within yonder wood?
 Marry, says the old woman, I take it to be
 A man called Robin Hood.
 Why, who art thou, the bishop he said,
 Which I have here with me?
 Why, I am a woman, thou cuckoldly bishop,
 Lift up my leg and see.
 Then woe is me, the bishop he said,
 That ever I saw this day:
 He turn'd him about, but Robin Hood stout,
 Call'd to him and bid him to stay.
 Then Robin took hold of the bishop's horse,
 And tied him fast to a tree,
 Then Little John smiled his master upon,
 For the joy of his company.
 Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
 And spread it upon the ground,
 And out of the bishop's portmanteau he,
 Soon told five hundred pounds,
 Now let him go, said Robin Hood;
 Said Little John that must not be.

For I vow and protest he shall sing us a mass,
 Before that he goes from me.
 Then Robin he took the bishop by the hand,
 And bound him fast to a tree;
 And made him sing a mass, God wot,
 To him and his yeomanry.
 And then they brought him through the wood,
 And set him on his dapple grey,
 And gave him the tail within his hand,
 And bid him for Robin Hood pray.

5. ROBIN HOOD *and the BUTCHER.*
Shewing how he robb'd the Sheriff of Nottingham,
Tune of, Robin Hood and the Beggar.



COME all you brave gallants and listen awhile,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,
 That are this bower within;
 For of Robin Hood that archer good,
 A song I intend for to sing.
 Upon a time it chanced so,
 Bold Robin in the forest did espy,
 A jolly butcher with a fine mare,
 With his flesh to the market did he.
 Good-morrow, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
 What food hast thou, tell unto me?
 Thy trade to me tell, and where thou do'st dwell,
 For I like well thy company.
 The butcher he answered jolly Robin,
 No matter where I do dwell;
 For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham
 I am going my flesh for to sell.
 What's the price of thy flesh, said jolly Robin,
 Come tell it unto me?
 And the price of thy mare, be she ever so dear,
 For a butcher I fain would be?

The price of my flesh, the butcher reply'd;
 I will soon tell unto thee;
 With my bonny mare, they are not too dear,
 Four marks thou must give unto me.
 Four marks I will give thee, said jolly Robin,
 Four marks it shall be thy fee;
 The money come count, and let me mount,
 For a butcher I fain would be.
 Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,
 His butcher's trade to begin;
 With a good intent to the sheriff he went,
 And there he took up his inn.
 When the other butchers did open their shops,
 Bold Robin he then begun;
 But how far to sell he knew not well,
 For a butcher he was but young.
 When the other butchers no meat could sell,
 Robin he got both gold and fee;
 For he sold more meat for one penny,
 Than others could do for three.
 But when he sold his meat so fast,
 No butcher by him could thrive;
 For he sold more meat for one penny,
 Than others could do for five.
 Which made the butchers of Nottingham,
 To study as they did stand,
 Saying, surely he is some prodigal,
 That has sold his father's land.
 The butchers they stepp'd up to jolly Robin,
 Acquainted with him for to be;
 Come, brother, one said, we be all of one trade,
 Come wilt you go dine with me?
 Accurs'd be his heart, said jolly Robin,
 That a butcher will deny,
 I will go with you, my brethren true,
 As fast as I can hie.
 But when they to the Sheriff's House came,
 To dinner they hied apace,
 And Robin Hood he the man must be,
 Before them all to say grace.
 Pray God bless you all, says jolly Robin,
 And our meat within this place;

A cup of sack so good, will nourish our blood,
 And so I end my grace.
 Come fill us more wine, said jolly Robin,
 Let's be merry while we do stay,
 For wine and good cheer, be it ever so dear,
 I vow I the reck'ning will pay.
 Come brothers, be merry, said jolly Robin,
 Let's drink and never give o'er;
 For the shot I will pay, before I go away,
 If it costs me five pounds and more.
 This is a mad blade, the butchers then said,
 Says the Sheriff, he's some prodigal,
 Who some land hath sold for silver and gold,
 And now he doth mean to spend all.
 Hast thou any horned beasts, the sheriff then said,
 Good fellow to sell unto me?
 Yes, that I have, good master sheriff,
 I have a hundred two or three.
 And an hundred acres of good free land,
 If you please it for to see:
 And I'll make you as good assurance of it,
 As ever my father did me.
 The sheriff he saddled his good palfrey,
 And took three hundred pounds in gold,
 And away he went with Robin Hood,
 His horned beasts to behold.
 Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride,
 To the forest of merry Sherwood,
 Then the sheriff did say, God preserve us this day,
 From a man they call Robin Hood.
 But when a little farther they came,
 Bold Robin he chanc'd to 'spy,
 An hundred head of good fat deer,
 Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.
 How like you my horned beasts, good master sheriff?
 They be fat and fair to see;
 I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,
 For I like not thy company.
 Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
 And blew out blasts three:
 Then quick and anon there came Little John,
 And all his company.

What

What is your will, master, then said Little John,
 I pray come tell unto me?
 I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham,
 This day for to dine with thee.
 He is welcome to me, then said Little John,
 I hope he will honestly pay;
 I know he has gold, if it were but well told,
 Will serve us to drink a whole day.
 Then Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
 And laid it upon the ground:
 And out of the sheriff's portmanteau he
 Soon told three hundred pounds.
 Then Robin he brought him through the wood,
 And set him on his dapple grey;
 O have me commended to your wife at home;
 So Robin went laughing away.

6. ROBIN HOOD *and the TANNER*;

Or, Robin Hood met with his Match.



IN Nottingham there liv'd a jolly tanner,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,
 His name is Arthur-a-Bland,
 There is never a squire in Nottinghamshire,
 Dare bid bold Arthur to stand.
 With a long staff upon his shoulder,
 So well he can clear his way;
 By two and by three he makes them to flee,
 For he hath no list to slay.
 And as he went forth one summer's morning,
 Into the forest of merry Sherwood;
 To view the red deer that run here and there,
 There he met bold Robin Hood.
 As soon as bold Robin he did him espy,
 He thought some sport he would make, Therefore

Therefore out of hand he bid him to stand,
 And thus unto him he spake.
 Why who art thou, thou bold fellow,
 Who rangeth so boldly here?
 In sooth, to be brief, thou look'st like a thief,
 That's come to steal our king's deer.
 For I am a keeper in this forest,
 The king he puts me in trust,
 To look to the deer, that run here and there,
 Therefore stop thee I must.
 If thou be'st a keeper in this forest,
 And has such great command,
 Yet you must have more partakers in store,
 Before you make me to stand.
 No, I have no more partakers in store,
 Nor any that I do need;
 But I have a staff of another oak graft,
 I know it will do the deed.
 For thy sword nor thy bow, I care not a straw,
 Nor all thy arrows to boot,
 If thou get'st a knock upon thy bare scope,
 Thou can'st as well sh---t as shoot.
 Speak cleanly, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
 And give better terms unto me:
 Else I'll thee correct for thy neglect,
 And make thee more mannerly.
 Marry-gap with a wanton, quoth Arthur-a-Bland,
 Art thou such a goodly man?
 I care not a fig, for thy looking so big,
 Mend yourself whenever you can.
 Then Robin Hood unbuckled his belt,
 And laid down his bow so long,
 He took up a staff of another oak graft,
 That was both stiff and strong.
 I yield to thy weapon, said jolly Robin,
 Since thou wilt not yield to mine,
 For I have a staff of another oak graft,
 Not half a foot longer than thine.
 But let me measure, said jolly Robin,
 Before we begin the fray;
 For I will not have mine to be longer than thine,
 For that will be counted foul play.

I pass not for length, bold Arthur reply'd,
 My staff is of oak so free;
 Eight feet and a half, it will knock down a calf,
 And I hope it will knock down thee.
 Then Robin could no longer forbear,
 But gave him a very good knock;
 But quickly and soon, the blood it ran down,
 Before it was ten of the clock.
 Then Arthur soon recover'd himself,
 And gave him a knock on the crown,
 That from every side of Robin Hood's head,
 The blood ran trickling down.
 Then Robin raged like a wild boar,
 As soon as he saw his blood:
 Then Bland was in haste, he laid on so fast,
 As if he'd been cleaving of wood.
 And about, and about, and about they went,
 Like two wild boars in a chase,
 Striving to aim each other to maim,
 Leg, arm, or any other place.
 And knock for knock they lustily dealt,
 Which held for two hours or more;
 That all the wood rang at every bang,
 They play'd their work so fore.
 Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
 And let thy quarrel fall;
 For here we may thrash our bones all to mash,
 And get no corn at all.
 And in the forest of merry Sherwood
 Hereafter thou shalt be free;
 God ha' mercy for nought, my freedom I bought,
 I may thank my good staff and not thee.
 What tradesman art thou, said jolly Robin,
 Good fellow, I prithee me show?
 And also me tell, in what place you dwell?
 For both of these fain would I know.
 I am a tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,
 In Nottingham long have I wrought:
 And if thou'lt come there, I vow and swear,
 I'll tan thy hide for nought.
 God-a-mercy, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
 Since thou art so kind and free,

And

And if thou wilt tan my hide for nought,
I'll do as much for thee.

And if thou wilt forsake thy tanner's trade,
To live in the green wood with me,
My name is Robin Hood, I swear by the wood,
To give thee both gold and fee.

If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd,
As I think well thou art,

Then here's my hand, my name's Arthur-a-Bland,
We two will never part.

But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John,
Of him I fain would hear;

For we are ally'd by the mother's side,
And he is my kinsman dear.

Then Robin Hood blew on his bugle horn,
He blew both loud and shrill;

And quick and anon, he saw Little John,
Come tripping over the hill.

O what is the matter, then said Little John,
Master, I pray you tell?

Why do you stand, with your staff in your hand,
I fear all is not well.

O Man, I do stand, and he makes me to stand,
The tanner that stands by my side;

He is a bonny blade, and master of his trade,
For he soundly has tann'd my hide.

He is to be commended, then said Little John,
If he such a feat can do:

If he be so stout, we will have a bout,
And he shall tan my hide too.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, then said Robin Hood,
For as I do understand;

He's a Yeoman good, and of thy own blood,
For his name it is Arthur-a-Bland.

Then Little John threw his staff away,
As far as he could fling;

And ran out of hand, to Arthur-a-Bland,
And about his neck did cling.

With loving respect there was no neglect,
They neither were nice nor coy,

Each other did face, with a lovely grace,
And both did weep for joy.

And

Then

Then Robin Hood took them by the hands,
 And danced about the oak tree :
 For three merry men, and three merry men,
 And three merry men we be.
 And ever after as long as we live,
 We three will be as one ;
 The wood it will ring, and the old wife shall sing,
 Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.

7. ROBIN HOOD *and the Jolly* TINKER.
Tune of, In Summer time.



IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
 Down, a down, a down,
 And birds sing on every tree,
 Hey down, a down,
 Robin Hood went to Nottingham,
 Down, a down, a down,
 As fast as he could dree,
 Hey down, a down.
 And as he came to Nottingham,
 A Tinker he did meet;
 And seeing him a lusty blade,
 He did him kindly greet :
 Where do'st thou dwell, quoth Robin Hood,
 I pray thee now me tell ?
 Sad news I hear there is abroad,
 I fear all is not well.
 What is that news, the tinker said,
 Tell me without delay ?
 I am a tinker by my trade,
 And do live in Banbury.
 As for the news, quoth Robin Hood,
 It is but as I hear,
 Two tinkers were set in the stocks,
 For drinking ale and beer.

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If that be all, the tinker said,
 As I may say to you,
 Your news is not worth a fart,
 Since that they all be true.
 For drinking of good ale and beer,
 You will not lose your part :
 No, by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,
 I love it with all my heart.
 What news abroad, quoth Robin Hood,
 Tell me what thou dost hear ?
 Seeing thou go'st from town to town,
 Some news thou need'st must hear ?
 All the news I hear, the tinker said,
 I hear it is for good,
 It is to seek a bold outlaw,
 Whom they call Robin Hood.
 I have a warrant from the king,
 To take him where I can ;
 If you can tell me where he is,
 I will make you a man.
 The king would give a hundred pounds,
 That he could but him see :
 And if we can but now him get,
 It will serve thee and me.
 Let me see the warrant, said Robin Hood,
 I will see if it be right ;
 And I will do the best I can,
 For to take him this night.
 That I will not, the tinker said,
 None with it I will trust ;
 And where he is if you'll not tell,
 Take him by force I must.
 But Robin Hood perceiving well,
 How then the game would go ;
 If you will but go to Nottingham,
 We shall find him there I know.
 A crab-tree staff the tinker had,
 Which was both good and strong,
 Robin he had a good strong blade ;
 So they went both along.
 And when they came to Nottingham,
 There they took up their inn,

And they called for ale and wine,
 To drink it was no sin.
 But ale and wine they drank so fast,
 That the tinker he forgot,
 What thing he was about to do,
 It fell so to his lot.
 That, while the tinker fell asleep,
 Robin made haste away,
 And left the tinker in the lurch,
 For the great shot to pay.
 But when the tinker did awake,
 And saw that he was gone,
 He called out then for the host,
 And thus he made his moan.
 I had a warrant from the king,
 Which might have done me good,
 That is to seek a bold outlaw,
 Some call him Robin Hood.
 But now the warrant and money is gone,
 Nothing I have to pay ;
 And he who promis'd to be my friend,
 Is gone and fled away.
 That friend you speak of, said the host,
 They call him Robin Hood :
 And when that he first met with you,
 He meant you little good.
 Had I but known it had been he,
 When that I had him here ;
 The one of us should have try'd our might,
 Which should have paid full dear.
 In the mean time I will away,
 No longer here I'll abide,
 But I will go and seek him out,
 Whatever me betide.
 But one thing I would gladly know,
 What here I have to pay ?
 Ten shillings just, then said the host,
 I'll pay you without delay.
 Or else take here my working bag,
 And my good hammer too,
 And if I light but on the knave,
 I will then soon pay you.

The only way, then said the host,
 And not to stand in fear,
 Is to seek him among the parks,
 Killing of the King's deer.
 The tinker he then went with speed,
 And made then no delay,
 Till he had found bold Robin Hood,
 That they might have a fray.
 At last he 'spy'd him in a park,
 Hunting then of the deer;
 What knave is this, quoth Robin Hood,
 That doth come me so near?
 No knave, no knave, the tinker said,
 And that you soon shall know,
 Whether of us has done any wrong,
 My crab-tree staff shall shew.
 Then Robin he drew his gallant blade,
 Made then of trusty steel:
 But the tinker he laid on so fast,
 That he made Robin reel.
 Then Robin's anger did arise,
 He fought right manfully,
 Until he had the tinker made,
 Almost then fit to fly.
 With that they laid about again,
 And ply'd their weapons fast;
 The tinker thrash'd his bones so sore,
 That he made him yield at last.
 A boon, a boon, then Robin cry'd,
 If thou wilt grant it me?
 Before I do it, the tinker said,
 I'll hang thee on this tree.
 But the tinker looking him about,
 Robin his horn did blow;
 Then came unto him Little John,
 And Will Scarlet also.
 What is the matter, quoth Little John,
 You sit on the highway side?
 Here is a tinker, who stands by,
 That hath well paid my hide.
 What tinker then, said Little John,
 Fain that blade would I see?

And I would try what I can do,
 If he'll do as much for me.
 But Robin then he wish'd them both
 They would the quarrel cease,
 That henceforth we may be as one,
 And ever live in peace.
 And for the jovial tinker's part,
 A hundred pounds I'll give,
 In a year to maintain him on,
 As long as he doth live.
 In manhood he is a mettled man,
 And a metal man by trade;
 Never thought I that any man,
 Should have made me so afraid.
 And if he will be one of us,
 We will all take one fare,
 And whatsoever we do get,
 He shall have his full share.
 So the tinker he was content
 With them to go along,
 And with them a part to take,
 And so I end my song.

8. ROBIN HOOD and ALLEN-A-DALE.

Or, the manner of Robin Hood's rescuing a young Lady from an old Knight, to whom she was going to be married, and restoring her to Allen-a-Dale her former lover.

Tune of, Robin Hood in the Green Wood.



COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
 All you who love mirth for to hear,

And

And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
 Who lived in Nottinghamshire.
 As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
 All under the green wood tree,
 There was he aware of a brave young man,
 As fine as fine could be.
 The youngster was cloathed in scarlet so red,
 In scarlet fine and gay;
 And he did frisk it over the plain,
 And chanted a round-de-lay.
 As Robin Hood next morning stood
 Amongst the leaves so gay,
 There did 'spy the same young man,
 Come drooping along the way.
 The scarlet he wore the day before,
 It was clean cast away;
 And at every step he fetch'd a sigh,
 Alack and a well-a-day!
 Then stepp'd forth brave Little John,
 And Midge the Miller's son,
 Which made the young man bend his bow,
 When as he saw them come.
 Stand off, stand off, the young man said,
 What is your will with me?
 You must come before our master straight,
 Under the green wood tree.
 And when he came bold Robin before,
 Robin ask'd him courteously,
 O hast thou any money to spare,
 For my merry men and me?
 I have no money the young man said,
 But five shillings and a ring;
 And that I have kept this seven long years,
 To have it at my wedding.
 Yesterday I should have married a maid,
 But she from me was ta'en,
 And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
 Whereby my poor heart is slain.
 What is thy name, then said Robin Hood,
 Come tell me without fail?
 By the faith of my body, then said the young man,
 My name it is Allen-a-Dale.

What wilt thou give me, said Robin Hood,
 In ready gold or fee,
 To help thee to thy true love again,
 And deliver her up to thee?
 I have no money, then quoth the young man,
 No ready gold or fee,
 But I will swear upon a book,
 Thy true servant to be.
 How many miles is it to thy true love,
 Come tell me without guile;
 By the faith of my body, then said the young man,
 It is but five little mile.
 Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
 He did neither stint nor lin,
 Until he came unto the church,
 Where Allen should keep his wedding.
 What do'st thou here, the bishop then said,
 I prithe now tell unto me?
 I am a bold harper, quoth Robin Hood,
 And the best in the north country.
 O welcome! O welcome! the bishop then said,
 That music best pleaseth me;
 You shall have no music, quoth Robin Hood,
 'Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.
 With that came in a wealthy knight,
 Who was both grave and old,
 And after him a finikin lass,
 That did shine like glittering gold.
 This is not a fit match, quoth bold Robin Hood,
 That you do seem to make here;
 For since we are come unto the church,
 The bride shall choose her own dear.
 Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
 And blew out blasts two or three;
 Then four and twenty bowmen bold,
 Came leaping over the lee.
 And when they came into the church-yard,
 Marching all on a row,
 The first man was Allen-a-Dale,
 To give bold Robin his bow.
 This is thy true love, Robin he said,
 Young Allen, as I've heard say,

And

And you shall be married at the same time,
 Before we do part away.
 That shall not be, the bishop then said,
 For thy word shall not stand,
 They shall be three times ask'd in the church,
 As the law is of our land.
 Robin Hood pull'd off the bishop's coat,
 And put it upon Little John;
 By the faith of my body, then Robin he said,
 This cloth doth make thee a man.
 When Little John he went into the choir,
 The people began to laugh;
 He ask'd them seven times in the church,
 Lest three times should not be enough.
 Who gives this maid, said Little John,
 Quoth Robin Hood, that do I,
 And he who takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
 Full dearly shall her buy.
 And thus having ended this merry wedding,
 The bride she look'd like a queen;
 And so they return'd to the merry Green Wood,
 Amongst the leaves so green.

9. ROBIN HOOD and the SHEPHERD.

*Shewing how Robin Hood, Little John, and the
 Shepherd, fought a fore Combat.*

Tune of, Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.



ALL gentlemen and yeomen good,
 Down, a down, a down,
 I wish you to draw near;
 For a story of bold Robin Hood,
 Unto you I will declare.
 Down, a down, a down, As

As Robin Hood walk'd the Forest along,
 Some pastime for to 'spy,
 There he was aware of a jolly shepherd,
 Who on the ground did lie.
 Arise, arise, said jolly Robin,
 And now come let me see,
 What's in thy bag and bottle, I say,
 Come tell it unto me.
 What's that to thee, thou proud fellow,
 Tell me as I do stand?
 What hast thou to do with my bottle and bag?
 Let me see thy command!
 My sword that hangeth by my side,
 Is at my command I know;
 Come let me taste of thy bottle,
 Or it may breed thee woe.
 The devil a drop, thou proud fellow,
 Of my bottle shalt thou see,
 Until thy valour thou hast try'd,
 Whether thou'lt fight or flee.
 What shall we fight for? said Robin Hood,
 Come tell it unto me;
 Here's twenty pounds of good bright gold,
 Win it and take it thee.
 The shepherd stood all in amaze,
 And knew not what to say;
 I have no money, thou proud fellow,
 But my bag and my bottle I'll lay.
 I am content, thou shepherd swain,
 Fling them down on the ground;
 But it will breed thee mickle pain,
 To win my twenty pounds.
 Come draw thy sword, thou proud fellow,
 Thou standest too long to prate;
 This hook of mine shall let thee know,
 A coward I do hate.
 So they fell to it both hard and fore,
 It was on a summer's day,
 From ten to four in the afternoon,
 The shepherd held him in play.
 Robin's buckler prov'd his chief defence,
 And sav'd him many a bang,

For every blow the shepherd struck

Made Robin Hood's sword cry twang.

Many a sturdy blow the shepherd gave,

And that bold Robin found,

'Till the blood ran trickling down his head,

Then he fell on the ground.

Arise, arise, thou proud fellow,

And thou shalt have fair play,

If thou wilt yield before you go,

That I have won the day.

A boon, a boon, cry'd bold Robin,

If that a man thou be,

Then let me have my bugle horn,

And blow out blasts three.

Then said the shepherd to bold Robin,

To that I will agree ;

For if thou would'st blow till to-morrow morn,

I scorn one foot to flee.

Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,

And blew with might and main,

Until he 'spied Little John,

Come tripping o'er the plain.

Who is yonder, thou proud fellow,

That comes down yonder hill ?

Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's man,

Shall fight with thee thy fill.

What is the matter, said Little John,

Master, come tell unto me ;

My case is bad, said Robin Hood,

For the shepherd hath conquer'd me.

I am glad of that, cries Little John,

Shepherd turn thou to me ;

For a bout with thee I mean to have,

Either come fight or flee.

With all my heart, thou proud fellow,

For it shall ne'er be said,

That a shepherd's hook, at thy sturdy look,

Will one jot be dismay'd.

So they fell to it, full hard and fore,

Striving for victory,

I will know, says John, e'er we give o'er,

Whether thou wilt fight or flee.

The

The shepherd gave John a sturdy blow,
 With the hook under his chin;
 Beshrew thy heart, said Little John,
 Thou basely doth begin.
 Nay, that is nothing, said the shepherd,
 Either yield to me the day,
 Or I will bang thy back and sides,
 Before thou goest thy way.
 What doth thou think, thou proud fellow,
 That thou can'st conquer me?
 Nay, thou shalt know before I go,
 I'll fight before I'll flee.
 Again the shepherd laid on him,
 The shepherd he begun;
 Hold thy hand, cry'd jolly Robin,
 I will yield the wager won.
 With all my heart, said Little John,
 To that I will agree;
 For he is the flower of shepherd swains,
 The like I ne'er did see.
 Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,
 Also of Little John;
 How a shepherd swain did conquer them,
 The like was never known.

10. *The famous battle between Robin Hood and
 the Curtal Friar, near Fountain-Dale.*

To a Northern Tune.



IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
 And flowers are fresh and gay,
 Robin Hood and his merry men,
 Were all disposed to play.

Then

Then some would leap, and some would run,

And some use artillery;

Which of you can a good bow draw,

A good archer for to be?

Which of you can kill a buck,

Or who can kill a doe?

Or who can kill a hart of Greece,

Five hundred foot him fro?

Will Scarlet he did kill a buck,

And Midge did kill a doe;

And Little John kill'd a hart of Greece,

Five hundred foot him fro.

God's blessing on thy heart, said Robin Hood,

That shot's such a shot for me;

I would ride my horse a hundred miles,

To find one could match thee.

That caused Will Scarlet to laugh,

He laugh'd full heartily:

There lives a friar in Fountain Abbey,

Will beat both him and thee.

The Curtal Friar in Fountain Abbey

Well can a strong bow draw,

He will beat you and your yeomen,

Set them all on a row.

Robin Hood took a solemn oath,

It was by Mary free,

That he would neither eat nor drink,

'Till he the friar did see.

Robin Hood put on his harness good,

And on his head a cap of steel,

Broad sword and buckler by his side,

And they became him well.

He took his bow into his hand,

It was of a trusty tree,

With a sheaf of arrows by his side,

And to Fountain-Dale went he.

And coming to fair Fountain-Dale,

No farther would he ride;

There he was aware of a curtal friar,

Walking by the water side.

The friar had on a harness good,

And on his head a cap of steel,

Broad

Broad sword and buckler by his side,
 And they became him well.
 Robin Hood alighted from off his horse,
 And tied him to a thorn;
 Carry me over the water thou curtal friar,
 Or else thy life's forlorn.
 The friar took Robin Hood on his back,
 Deep water he did bestride,
 And neither spoke good word nor bad,
 'Till he came to the other side.
 Lightly slept Robin off the friar's back,
 The friar said to him again,
 Carry me over the water, thou fine fellow,
 Or it will breed thee pain.
 Robin Hood took the friar on his back,
 Deep water he did bestride,
 And spoke neither good word nor bad,
 'Till he came on the other side.
 Lightly leap'd the friar off Robin Hood's back,
 Bold Robin said to him again,
 Carry me over the water, thou curtal friar,
 Or it shall breed thee pain.
 The friar took Robin on his back again,
 And slept up to his knee,
 And 'till he came to the middle stream,
 Neither bad nor good spoke he.
 And coming to the middle stream,
 Then he threw Robin in;
 And choose thee, choose thee, fine fellow,
 Whether thou wilt sink or swim.
 Robin swam to a bush of broom,
 The friar to the willow wand;
 Bold Robin Hood is gone to the shore,
 And took his bow in his hand.
 One of his best arrows under his belt,
 At the friar he let fly;
 The curtal friar with his steel buckler
 Did put his arrow by.
 Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,
 Shoot as thou hast begun,
 If thou shoot here a summer's day,
 Thy mark I will not shun,

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Robin shot on so passing well,
 'Till his arrows all were gone,
 They took their swords and steel bucklers,
 And fought with might and main.
 From ten o'clock that very day,
 'Till four in the afternoon;
 Then Robin Hood came on his knee,
 Of the friar to beg a boon.
 A boon, a boon, thou curtal friar,
 I beg it on my knee;
 Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,
 And to blow blasts three.
 That I will do, says the curtal friar,
 Of thy blasts I have no doubt;
 I hope thou wilt blow so passing well,
 'Till both thy eyes drop out.
 Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
 And blew out blasts three;
 Half a hundred yeomen with their bows bent,
 Came ranging over the lee.
 Whose men are these, said the friar,
 That come so hastily?
 They are mine, said Robin Hood,
 Friar, what's that to thee?
 A boon, a boon, said the curtal friar,
 The like I gave to thee;
 Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,
 And to whute out whutes three.
 That I will do, said Robin Hood,
 Or else I were to blame;
 Three whutes in a friar's fist
 Would make me glad and fain.
 The friar set his fist to his mouth,
 And whuted him whutes three;
 When half a hundred good bay dogs
 Came running over the lee.
 Here is for every man a dog,
 And I myself for thee,
 Nay, by my faith, said Robin Hood,
 Friar, that may not be.
 Two dogs at once to Robin did go,
 The one behind, and the other before;

Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln green,
 From off his back they tore.
 And whether they shot east or west,
 Or they shot north or south,
 The curtal dogs so taught they were,
 They caught the arrows in their mouths.
 Take up thy dogs, said Little John,
 Friar, at my bidding thee;
 Whose man art thou, said the curtal friar,
 Comes here to prate to me?
 I am Little John, Robin Hood's man,
 Friar I will not lie;
 If thou take not up thy dogs anon,
 I'll take them up and thee.
 Little John had a bow in his hand,
 He shot with might and main:
 Soon half a score of the friar's dogs,
 Laid dead upon the plain.
 Hold thy hand, good fellow, said the curtal friar,
 Thy master and I will agree,
 And we will have new orders ta'en,
 With all the haste that may be.
 If thou wilt forsake fair Fountain Dale,
 And Fountain Abbey free;
 Every Sunday throughout the year,
 A noble shall be thy fee.
 Every Sunday throughout the year,
 Chang'd shall thy garment be;
 And if thou wilt to the Green Wood go,
 And there remain with me.
 The curtal friar had kept Fountain Dale,
 Seven long years and more;
 There was never a knight, lord, nor earl,
 Could make him yield before.



11. ROBIN HOOD *newly revived* ; Or,
His meeting and fighting with his Cousin Scarlet.
To a New Tune.



COME listen a while, you gentlemen all,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,
 That are this bower within,
 For a story of gallant Robin Hood,
 I propose now to begin.
 What time of the day ? quoth Robin Hood,
 Quoth Little John, 'tis in the prime ;
 Why then we will to the green wood gang,
 For we have no victuals to dine.
 As Robin Hood rode the forest along,
 It was in the midst of the day ;
 There he was aware of a deist young man,
 As ever walk'd on the way.
 His doublet was of silk he said,
 His stockings like scarlet shone :
 And bravely he walk'd along the way,
 To Robin Hood then unknown.
 A herd of deer was in the bend,
 All feeding before his face :
 Now the best of you I'll have to my dinner,
 And that in a little space.
 Now the stranger he made no mickle ado,
 But he bent a right good bow,
 And the best of all the herd he slew,
 Full forty yards him fro'.
 Well shot, well shot, said Robin Hood then,
 That shot it was in time ;
 And if thou wilt accept of a place,
 Thou shalt be a bold yeoman of mine.

Go play the chivan, the stranger then said,
 Make haste and quickly go,
 Or with my fist be sure of this,
 I'll give thee buffets store:
 Thou hadst not best buffet me, quoth Robin Hood,
 For altho' I am forlorn,
 Yet I have those will take my part,
 If I do but blow my horn.
 Thou hadst not best wind thy horn, the stranger said,
 Be'st thou never so much in haste,
 For I can draw a good broad sword,
 And will quickly cut the blast.
 Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,
 To shoot and that he would fain;
 The stranger he bent a very good bow,
 To shoot at bold Robin again.
 Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quoth Robin Hood,
 To shoot it would be in vain;
 For if we shoot the one at the other,
 The one of us must be slain.
 But let's take our swords and broad bucklers,
 And gang under yonder tree;
 As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger he said,
 One foot I will not flee.
 Then Robin he lent the stranger a blow,
 Most scared him out of his wits:
 Thou'lt feel a blow, the stranger he said,
 That shall be better quits.
 The stranger then with a good broad sword,
 Hit Robin upon the crown,
 That from every hair of bold Robin Hood's head,
 The blood it ran trickling down.
 God-a-mercy, good fellow, quoth Robin Hood then,
 And for this that thou hast done,
 Tell me, good fellow, who thou art,
 Tell me where thou dost won?
 The stranger then answered bold Robin Hood,
 I'll tell thee where I do dwell:
 In Maxwell town I was born and bred,
 My name is young Gamwell.
 For killing my father's steward,
 I'm forc'd to this English wood,

And

And for to seek an uncle of mine,
 Some call him Robin Hood.
 But art thou a cousin of Robin Hood, then
 The sooner we shall have done ;
 As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger then said,
 I am his own sister's son.
 But, Lord ! what kissing and courting was there,
 When these two cousins did meet !
 And they went all that summer's day,
 And Little John did not meet.
 And when they met with Little John,
 He unto him did say ;
 O master, pray, where have you been,
 You have tarried so long away ?
 I met with a stranger, quoth Robin Hood,
 Full fore he hath beaten me,
 Then I'll have a bout with him, said Little John,
 And try if he can beat me.
 O no, O no, quoth Robin Hood then,
 Little John it must not be so ;
 For he is my own dear sister's son,
 And cousins I have no more.
 But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,
 My chief man next to thee ;
 And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
 And Scarlet he shall be.
 And we will be three of the bravest Outlaws,
 That live in the north country ;
 If thou wilt hear more of bold Robin Hood,
 In the second part it will be.
 Then Robin Hood to the north he would go,
 With valour and mickle might,
 With sword by his side that oft had been try'd,
 To fight and recover his right.
 The first that he met was a bonny bold Scot,
 His servant he said he would be ;
 No, quoth Robin Hood, it cannot be good,
 For thou wilt prove false unto me.
 Thou hast not been true to fire or cuz,
 Nay, marry, the Scot, he said,
 As true as your heart, I'll never part,
 Good master be not afraid.

Then Robin he turn'd his face to the east,
 Fight on my merry men flout,
 Our case is good, quoth Robin Hood,
 And we shall not be beaten out,
 The battle grew hot on every side,
 The Scotchmen made great moan ;
 Quoth Jockey, Gend faith, they fight on each side,
 Would I were with my wife Joan.
 The enemy compass'd brave Robin about,
 'Tis long ere the battle ends ;
 There's neither will yield, nor give up the field,
 For both are supplied with friends.
 This song it was made in Robin Hood's days ;
 Let's pray unto Jove above,
 To give us true peace that mischief may cease,
 And war may give place unto love.

12. RENOWNED ROBIN HOOD ;

*Or, his famous Archery truly related in the worthy
 Exploits he performed before Queen Catharine,
 To a New Tune.*



GOLD'ta'n from the king's harbingers,
 Down, a down, a down,
 As seldom hath been seen,
 Down, a down, a down,
 And carried by bold Robin Hood,
 For a present to the Queen.
 Down, a down, a down.
 If that I live one year to an end,
 Thus did Queen Catharine say,
 Bold Robin Hood I'll be thy friend,
 And all thy yeomen gay.
 The Queen is to her chamber gone,
 As fast as she could wen ;

She

She calls unto her lovely page,
 His name was Richard Partington.
 Come hither to me, thou lovely page,
 Come thou hither to me;
 For thou must pass to Nottingham,
 As fast as thou can'st dree.
 And as thou go'st to Nottingham,
 Search every English wood,
 Inquire of one good yeomen or another,
 That can tell thee of Robin Hood.
 Sometimes he walk'd, sometimes he ran,
 As fast as he could wen,
 And when he came to Nottingham,
 There he took up his inn.
 He calls for a bottle of Rhenish wine,
 And drinks a health to the Queen,
 Wishing he might now speedily
 Find out jolly Robin.
 There set a yeoman by his side,
 Who said, sweet page tell me,
 What is thy business and thy cause,
 So far in the north country?
 This is my business, and my cause,
 Sir, I'll tell it you for good,
 To enquire of one good yeoman or another,
 To tell me of Robin Hood:
 I'll get my horse betimes in the morn,
 Be it by the break of day,
 And I will shew thee bold Robin Hood,
 And all his yeomen gay.
 When that he came to Robin Hood's place,
 He fell down on his knee,
 Queen Catharine she doth greet you well,
 She greets you well by me.
 She bids you pass to fair London court,
 Not fearing any thing:
 For there shall be a little sport,
 And she has sent you a ring.
 Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
 It was of a Lincoln green,
 And sent it by this lovely page,
 For a present to the Queen:

In summer time, when leaves grow green,
 'Twas a comely sight to see,
 How Robin Hood had drest himself,
 And all his yeomanry.
 He cloathed his men in Lincoln green,
 And himself in scarlet red :
 Black hats, white feathers, all alike,
 Now to London bold Robin Hood is rid.
 And when he came to London court,
 He fell down on his knee ;
 Thou art welcome, Locksley, said the Queen,
 And all thy yeomanry.
 Come hither, Tepus, said the King,
 Bow bearer, after me ;
 Come measure me out with a line,
 How long our mark must be.
 What is this wager ? said the Queen ;
 For that I must know here ;
 Three hundred tons of Rhenish wine,
 Three hundred tons of beer.
 Three hundred of the fattest harts
 That run on Dallen lee ;
 That's a princely wager, said the Queen,
 That I must needs tell to thee.
 With that-bespoke one Clifton then,
 Full quickly and full soon,
 Measure no mark, for us, most Sovereign Liege,
 We will shoot at sun and moon.
 Full fifteen score your mark shall be,
 Full fifteen score shall stand ;
 I'll lay my bow, said Clifton then,
 I'll cleave the willow wand.
 With that the King's archers led about,
 'Till it was three to one ;
 With that the ladies began to shout,
 Madam your game is gone.
 A boon, a boon, Queen Catharine cries,
 I crave it on my knee ;
 Is there never a knight of your privy counsil,
 On Queen Catharine's side will be ?
 Come hither to me, Sir Robert Lee,
 Thou art a knight full good ;

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For I do know thy pedigree,
 Thou sprang'st from Gower's blood.
 Come hither to me, thou bishop of Herefordshire,
 For a noble priest was he :
 By my silver mitre, said the bishop then,
 I'll not bet one penny.
 The king had archers of his own,
 Full ready and full right ;
 And these be strangers every one,
 No man knows what they height.
 What wilt thou bet ? said Robin Hood,
 Thou see'st our games the worse ;
 By my silver mitre, then said the bishop,
 All the money that's in my purse.
 What is in thy purse ? said Robin Hood,
 Now throw it on the ground ;
 Ninety-nine angels, said the bishop,
 'Tis near an hundred pound.
 Robin Hood took his bag from his side,
 And threw it on the green ;
 Will Scarlet then went smiling away,
 I know who this money must win.
 With that the king's archers led about,
 While it was three to three ;
 With that the ladies gave a shout,
 Woodcock beware thy knee.
 It is three to three, now said the King,
 The next three pays for all :
 Robin Hood went and whisper'd the Queen,
 The King's part shall be but small.
 Then Robin Hood did lead about,
 He shot it under hand ;
 And Clifton with a bearing arrow,
 He clove the willow wand.
 And little Midge the miller's son,
 He shot not much the worse ;
 He shot within a finger of the prick,
 Now bishop beware thy purse.
 A boon, a boon, Queen Catharine cries,
 I crave it on my knee,
 That you will angry be with none,
 That are of my party.

They

They shall have forty days to come,
 And forty days to go,
 And three times forty days to sport and play,
 Then welcome friend or foe.
 Thou art welcome, Robin Hood, said the Queen,
 And so is Little John,
 And so is Midge the miller's son,
 Thrice welcome every one.
 Is this Robin Hood? the King then said,
 For it was told to me,
 That he was slain in the palace gate,
 So far in the north country.
 Is this Robin Hood? quoth the bishop then,
 As it seems well to be;
 Had I known it had been that bold Outlaw,
 I would not have bet one penny.
 He took me late one Sunday night,
 And bound me fast to a tree,
 And made me sing a mass, god wot,
 To him and his yeomanry.
 What, if I did, said Robin Hood,
 Of that mass I was full fain;
 For recompence of that, he says,
 Here's half thy gold again.
 Now nay, now nay, says Little John,
 Master that must not be,
 We must not give gifts to the King's officers,
 That gold will serve thee and me.

13. ROBIN HOOD'S CHASE.

*Or, a merry Progress between Robin Hood and
 King Henry.*

Tune of, Robin Hood and the Beggar.



COME you gallants all, to you I will call,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,

That are now in this place ;
 For a song I will sing of Henry our King,
 How he did bold Robin chase.
 Queen Catharine she then a match did make,
 As plainly doth appear,
 For three hundred tons of good red wine,
 And three hundred tons of beer.
 But she had her archers for to seek,
 With their bows and arrows so good ;
 But her mind was bent with a full intent,
 To send for bold Robin Hood.
 But when bold Robin Hood he came there,
 Queen Catharine she did say,
 Thou art welcome, Locksley, unto me,
 And all thy yeomen gay.
 For a match of shooting I have made,
 And thou on my part must be,
 If I miss the mark, be it light or dark,
 Then hanged I will be.
 But when the game began to be play'd,
 Bold Robin won it with grace ;
 But after, the king was angry with him,
 And vow'd he would him chase.
 What tho' his pardon granted was,
 While he did with him stay ;
 But yet the King was vex'd at him,
 When he was gone away.
 Soon after the king from court did hie,
 In a furious angry mood,
 And often inquired both far and near
 After bold Robin Hood.
 But when the king to Nottingham came,
 Bold Robin was in the wood ;
 O come, says he, and let me see,
 Who can find bold Robin Hood.
 But when bold Robin he did hear,
 The king had him in chase ;
 Then said Little John, 'tis time to be gone,
 And go to some other place.
 Then away they went from merry Sherwood,
 And into Yorkshire they did hie ;
 And the king did follow, with a hoop and a hallo,
 But could not them come nigh. Ye

Yet jolly Robin he passed along,
 And went straight to Newcastle town,
 And there they staid hours two or three,
 And then he for Berwick was bound.
 When the King did see how Robin did flee,
 He was vexed wond'rous sore;
 With a hoop and a hallo he vow'd to follow,
 And take him, or ne'er give o'er.
 Come, now let's away, says Little John,
 Let any man follow who dare;
 To Carlisle we'll hie, with our company,
 And so then to Lancaster.
 From Lancaster then to Chester they went,
 And so did good King Henry,
 But Robin went away, for he durst not stay,
 For fear of some treachery.
 Says Robin, come let us for London go,
 To see our royal Queen's face,
 It may be she wants our company,
 Which makes the King us chase.
 When Robin he came Queen Catharine before,
 He fell upon his knee;
 If it please your grace, I am come to this place,
 To speak with King Henry.
 Queen Catharine she answer'd bold Robin again,
 The King is gone to merry Sherwood,
 And when he went away, to me he did say,
 He would go and seek Robin Hood.
 Then fare you well my gracious Queen,
 For to Sherwood I'll hie apace;
 For fain I would see what he would have with me,
 If I could but meet with his grace.
 But when that King Henry he came home,
 Full weary and vexed in mind;
 And when he did hear Robin had been there,
 He blamed dame fortune unkind.
 You're welcome home, Queen Catharine cry'd,
 Henry my sov'reign liege;
 Bold Robin Hood that archer good,
 Your Person has been to seek.
 A boon, a boon, Queen Catharine cry'd,
 I beg here of your grace,
 To pardon his life, and seek not strife,
 And so ends Robin Hood's chase.

Robin

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14. ROBIN HOOD'S GOLDEN PRIZE.

Shewing how he robbed two Priests of Five Hundred Pounds.

Tune of, Robin Hood was a tall young Man, &c.



I HAVE heard talk of Robin Hood,
 Derry, derry down,
 And of brave Little John,
 Of friar Tuck, and Will Scarlet,
 Locksley, and maid Marrian.
 But such a tale as this before
 I think was never known,
 For Robin Hood disguised himself,
 And from the wood is gone.
 Like to a friar bold Robin Hood,
 Was accoutred in his array :
 With hood, gown, beads and crucifix,
 He passed upon the way.
 He had not gone past miles two or three,
 But it was his chance to espy,
 Two lusty priests clad all in black,
 Come riding gallantly.
 Benedicite, then said Robin Hood,
 Some pity on me take ;
 Cross you my hand with a single groat,
 For our dear Lady's sake.
 For I have been wand'ring all this day,
 And nothing could I get ;
 Not so much as one poor cup of drink,
 Nor bit of bread to eat.
 Now, by our holy dame, the priests reply'd,
 We never a penny have ;
 For we this morning have been robb'd,
 And could no money save.

I am much afraid, said Robin Hood,
 That you both tell a lie :
 And now before you do go from hence,
 I am resolved to try.
 When as the priests heard him say so,
 Then they rode away amain ;
 But Robin Hood betook to his heels,
 And soon overtook them again.
 Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,
 And pull'd them down from their horse,
 O spare us, friar, the priests cry'd out,
 On us have some remorse.
 You said you'd no money, quoth Robin Hood,
 Wherefore without delay,
 We three will fall down on our knees,
 And for money we will pray.
 The priests they could not him gainsay,
 But down did kneel with speed :
 Send us, O send us, then, quoth they,
 Some money to serve our need.
 The priests did pray with a mournful cheer,
 Sometimes their hands did wring ;
 Sometimes they wept and tore their hair,
 Whilst Robin did merrily sing.
 When they had been praying for an hour's space,
 The priests did still lament ;
 Then quoth bold Robin, now let us see,
 What money heaven hath us sent.
 We will be sharers all alike,
 Of money that we have :
 And there is never a one of us,
 That his fellow will deceive.
 The priests their hands in their pockets put,
 But money could find none ;
 We will search ourselves, said Robin Hood,
 Each other, one by one.
 Then Robin Hood took pains to search them,
 And he found good store of gold,
 Five hundred pieces presently,
 Upon the grass he told.
 Here is a braye show, said Robin Hood,
 Such store of gold to see,
 And you each one shall have a part,

Because

Because you prayed so heartily.
 He gave them fifty pounds a-piece,
 And the rest himself did keep;
 The priests they durst not speak one word,
 But sighed wond'rous deep.
 With that the priests rose up from their knees,
 Thinking to have parted so;
 Nay, stay, says Robin Hood, one thing more,
 I have to say ere you go.
 You shall be sworn, says bold Robin Hood,
 Upon this holy grass,
 That you will never tell lies again,
 Which way soever you pass.
 The second oath that you here must make,
 That all the days of your lives,
 You never shall tempt maids unto sin,
 Nor lay with other men's wives.
 The last oath you shall take is this,
 Be charitable to the poor;
 Say you met with a holy friar,
 And I desire no more.
 He set them on their horses again,
 And away then they did ride;
 And he return'd to the merry green wood,
 With great joy, mirth, and pride.

15. Robin Hood *rescuing* Will Scutely from the
 Sheriff and his Men, who had taken him Prisoner,
 and were going to hang him.

Tune of, Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.



WHEN Robin Hood in the green wood stood,
 Derry, derry down,
 Under the green wood tree,

Tidings there came to him with speed,
Tidings for certainty.

Hey down, derry, derry down.
That Will Stutely surpris'd was,
And eke in prison lay;
Three varlets that the king had hir'd,
Did basely him betray.
Aye, and to-morrow hang'd must be;
To-morrow as soon as its day;
Before they could the victory get,
Two of them did Stutely slay.
When Robin Hood did hear this news,
Lord! it did grieve him sore;
And to his merry men he did say,
Who altogether swore.
That Will Stutely should rescu'd be,
And be brought back again;
Or else should many a gallant wight,
For his sake there be slain.
He cloathed himself in scarlet then,
His men were all in green;
A finer shew throughout the world,
In no place could be seen.
Good Lord! it was a gallant fight,
To see them all on a row;
With every man a good broad sword,
And eke a good yew bow.
Forth of the green wood they are gone,
Yea all courageously,
Resolving to bring Will Stutely home,
Or every man to die.
And when they came the castle near,
Wherein Will Stutely lay,
I hold it good, said Robin Hood,
We here in ambush stay.
And send one forth some news to hear,
To yonder palmer fair,
That stands under the castle wall,
Some news he may declare.
With that steps forth a brave young man,
Who was of courage bold,
Thus he did say to the old man,
I pray thee palmer old.

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Tell me, if thou rightly ken,
 When must Will Stutely die ;
 Who is one of bold Robin Hood's men,
 And here doth prisoner die ?
 Alas ! alas ! the palmer said,
 And for ever woe is me !
 Will Stutely hang'd will be this day,
 On yonder gallows tree.
 O ! had his noble master known,
 He would some succour send,
 A few of his bold yeomanry,
 Full soon would fetch him hence.
 Aye, that is true, the young man said ;
 Aye, that is true, said he ;
 Or if they were near to this place,
 They soon would set him free.
 But fare thee well, thou good old man,
 Farewel, and thanks to thee ;
 If Stutely hanged be this day,
 Reveng'd his death will be.
 No sooner was he from the palmer gone,
 But the gate was open'd wide,
 And out of the castle Will Stutely came,
 Guarded on every side.
 When he was forth of the castle come,
 And saw no help was nigh :
 Thus he did say unto the sheriff,
 Thus he said gallantly.
 Now seeing that I needs must die,
 Grant me one boon, said he,
 For my noble master ne'er had a man,
 That yet was hang'd on a tree.
 Give me a sword all in my hand,
 And let me be unbound,
 And with thee and thy men I'll fight,
 'Till I lay dead on the ground.
 But his desire he would not grant,
 His wishes were in vain ;
 For the sheriff swore he hang'd should be,
 And not by the sword be slain.
 Do but unbind my hands, he said,
 I will no weapon crave ;

And if I hanged be this day,
 Damnation let me have.
 O no, no, no, the sheriff said,
 Thou shalt on the gallows die,
 Aye, and so shall thy master too,
 If ever it in me lie.
 O dastard coward! Stutely cries,
 Faint-hearted peasant slave!
 If ever my master doth thee meet,
 Thou shalt thy payment have.
 My noble master doth thee scorn,
 And all thy cowardly crew;
 Such silly imps unable are,
 Bold Robin to subdue.
 But when he was to the gallows come,
 And ready to bid adieu,
 Out of a bush, steps Little John,
 And comes Will Stutely too.
 I pray thee Will before thou die,
 Of thy dear friends take leave;
 I needs must borrow him awhile,
 How say you, master sheriff?
 Now, as I live, the sheriff said,
 That varlet will I know;
 Some sturdy rebel is that same,
 Therefore let him not go.
 Then Little John most halily,
 Away cut Stutely's bands,
 And from one of the sheriff's men,
 A sword twitch'd from his hands.
 Here, Will take thou this same,
 Thou can'st it better sway;
 And here defend thyself awhile,
 For aid will come straightway.
 And there they turn'd them back to back,
 In the midst of them that day,
 'Till Robin Hood approached near,
 With many an archer gay.
 With that an arrow from them flew,
 I wist from Robin Hood;
 Make haste, make haste, the sheriff said,
 Make haste, for it is not good,

The sheriff is gone, and his doughty men,
 Thought it no boot to stay,
 But as their master had them taught,
 They ran full fast away.
 O stay! O stay! Will Stutely said,
 Take leave e'er you depart,
 You ne'er will catch bold Robin Hood,
 Unless you dare him meet.
 O! ill betide you, said Robin Hood,
 That you so soon are gone;
 My sword may in the scabbard rest,
 For here our work is done.
 I little thought, Will Stutely said,
 When I came to this place,
 For to have met with Little John,
 Or seen my master's face.
 Then Stutely was at liberty set,
 And safe brought from his foe;
 O thanks! O thanks! to my master,
 Since here it was not so.
 And once again, my fellows all,
 We shall in the green wood meet,
 Where we'll make our bow-strings twang,
 Music for us most sweet.

16. The NOBLE FISHERMAN;

Or, Robin Hood's Preferment.



IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
 When they do grow both green and long,
 Of a bold outlaw, call'd Robin Hood,
 It is of him I sing this song. When

When the lilly leaf, and cowslip sweet,
 Both bud and spring with merry cheer,
 This outlaw was weary of the wood side,
 And chafing of the King's deer.
 The fishermen brave, more money have,
 Than any merchant, two or three ;
 Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
 That a fisherman I may be.
 This outlaw call'd his merry men all,
 As they sat under the green wood tree ;
 If any of you have gold to spend,
 I pray you heartily spend it with me.
 Now, quoth Robin Hood, I'll to Scarborough go,
 It seems to be a very fine day ;
 He took up his inn at a widow woman's house,
 Hard by the waters grey.
 Who asked him, where wert thou born ?
 O tell me where thou didst fare ?
 I am a poor fisherman, said he then,
 This day entrapped all in care.
 What is thy name, thou fine fellow,
 I pray thee heartily tell to me ?
 In mine own country, where I was born,
 Men call me Simon over the Lee.
 Simon, Simon, said the good wife,
 I wish thou may'st well brook thy name ;
 The outlaw was aware of her courtesy,
 And rejoic'd he'd got such a dame.
 Simon, wilt thou be my man ?
 And good round wages I'll give thee :
 I have as good a ship of my own,
 As any that sails upon the sea.
 Anchors and planks thou shalt want none,
 Masts and ropes that are so long :
 And if that you'll so furnish me,
 Said Simon, nothing shall go wrong.
 They pluck'd up anchor, and away did sail,
 More of a day than two or three ;
 When others cast in their baited hooks,
 The bare lines into the sea cast he.
 It will be long said the master then,
 E're this great lubber do thrive on the sea ;

He

He shall have no part in our fish,
 For in truth he's in no part worthy.
 O woe is me, said Simon then,
 This day that ever I came here!
 I wish I were in Plumpton park,
 Chasing of the fallow deer.
 For every clown laughs me to scorn,
 And by me sets nothing at all;
 If I had them in Plumpton park,
 I would set as little by them all.
 They pluck'd up anchor, and away did sail,
 More of a day than two or three;
 But Simon espied a ship of war,
 That sail'd towards them vigorously.
 O woe is me, said the master then,
 The day that e'er I was born;
 For all the fish that we have got,
 Is every bit lost and forlorn!
 For these french robbers on the seas,
 They will not spare of us one man,
 But will carry us to the coast of France,
 And lay us in a prison strong.
 But Simon said, do not fear them,
 Neither, master, take you care,
 But give me my bent bow in my hand,
 And never a Frenchman will I spare.
 Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,
 For thou art nought but brags and boast,
 If I should cast thee overboard,
 They'll be but a simple lubber lost.
 Simon grew angry at these words,
 And so angry then was he;
 Then he took his bent bow in his hand,
 And on the ship hatch goeth he.
 Master, tie me to the mast, he said,
 That at my mark I may stand fair,
 Then give me my bent bow in my hand,
 And never a Frenchman will I spare.
 He drew his arrow to the head,
 And drew it with might and main,
 And straight in the twinkling of an eye,
 To the Frenchman's heart the arrow gain.

The Frenchman fell down on the ship's hatch,
 And under the hatches down below :
 Another Frenchman that him espy'd,
 The dead corpse into the sea did throw.
 O master, loose me from the mast, he said,
 And for them all take you no care,
 For give me my bent bow in my hand,
 And never a Frenchman will I spare.
 Then straight they boarded the French ship,
 They laying dead all in their sight ;
 They found within the ship of war,
 Twelve thousands pounds in money bright.
 The one half of the ship, said Simon then,
 I'll give to my dame and children small ;
 And the other half of the ship I'll give,
 To you that are my fellows all.
 But now bespoke the master then,
 For so Simon it must not be,
 For you have won it with your hands,
 And the owner of it you shall be.
 It shall be so as I have said,
 And with this gold for the oppress,
 An habitation will I build,
 Where they shall live at peace and rest.

17. ROBIN HOOD'S DELIGHT ;

Or, a new Combat fought between Robin Hood, Little John, and Will Scarlet, with three stout Keepers in Sherwood Forest.

Tune of, Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.



THERE's some will talk of lords and knights,
 Down, a down, a down,
 And some of yeomen good :

But

But I will tell you of Will Scarlet,
 Little John, and Robin Hood.
 They were outlaws it is well known,
 And men of noble blood,
 And many times their valour was shewn,
 In the forest of merry Sherwood.
 Upon a time it chanced so,
 As Robin Hood would have it be,
 They all three would a walking go,
 Some pastime for to see.
 And as they walk'd the forest along,
 Upon a Midsummer day,
 There was they aware of three foresters,
 All clad in green array.
 With brave long falchions by their sides,
 And forest bills in their hands,
 They called aloud to those outlaws,
 And charged them for to stand.
 Why, who are you, cry'd bold Robin,
 That speak so boldly here?
 We three belong to King Henry,
 And are keepers of his deer.
 The devil you are, said Robin Hood,
 I am sure it is not so;
 We be three keepers of this forest,
 And that you soon shall know.
 Your coats of green lay on the ground,
 And so we will all three;
 And take your swords and bucklers round,
 And try the victory.
 We be content, the keepers said,
 We be three and no less,
 Then why should we of you be afraid,
 As we never did transgress?
 Why, if you be the keepers of this forest,
 We be three rangers good,
 And will make you know, before you do go,
 You met with bold Robin Hood.
 We be content, thou bold outlaw,
 Our courage here to try,
 And will make you know before you do go,
 We will fight before we will fly.

Then

Then come draw your swords you bold outlaws,
 No longer stand to prate,
 But let us try it out with blows,
 For cowards we do hate.
 Here is one for thee Will Scarlet,
 And another for Little John,
 And I myself for bold Robin Hood,
 Because he is stout and strong.
 So they fell to it full hard and fore,
 It was on a Midsummer's day ;
 From eight of the clock, 'till two and past,
 They all shew'd gallant play.
 There Robin, Will and Little John,
 They fought most manfully,
 'Till all their wind was spent and gone,
 Then Robin Hood aloud did cry.
 O hold ! O hold ! cries bold Robin,
 I see you be stout men ;
 Let me blow one blast on my bugle horn,
 Then I'll fight with you again.
 That bargain's to make, bold Robin Hood,
 Therefore we it deny ;
 Thy blast upon thy bugle horn,
 Cannot make us fight or fly.
 Therefore fall on, or else begone,
 And yield to us the day ;
 It shall ne'er be said, that we are afraid,
 Of thee, or thy yeomen gay.
 If that be so, cries Robin Hood,
 Let me but know your names,
 And in the forest of merry Sherwood,
 I shall extol your fames.
 And with our names one of them said,
 What hast thou here to do ?
 Except that thou wilt fight it out,
 Our names thou shalt not know.
 We'll fight no more, said bold Robin Hood,
 You be men of valour stout ;
 Come and go with me to Nottingham,
 And there we will fight it out.
 With a But of sack we will bang it about,
 To see who wins the day,

And

And for the cost make you no doubt,
 I have gold enough to pay.
 And ever hereafter as long as we live,
 We all will brethren be :
 For I love those men with heart and hand,
 That will fight and never flee.
 So away they went to Nottingham,
 With sack to make amends ;
 For three days space they the wine did chase,
 And drank themselves good friends.

18. ROBIN HOOD *and the* BEGGAR.

*Shewing how he and the Beggar fought and changed
 Cloaths ; how he went a begging to Nottingham ;
 and how he saved three Brethren from hanging for
 stealing the King's Deer.*

Tune of, Robin Hood and the Stranger.



COME and listen, you gentlemen all,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,
 That mirth do love for to hear,
 And a story true, I'll tell unto you,
 If that you will but draw near.
 In elder times, when merriments were,
 And archery was holden good,
 There was an outlaw, as many do know,
 Which men call Robin Hood.
 Upon a time it chanced so,
 Bold Robin Hood was merry dispos'd,
 His time for to spend, he did intend,
 Either with friends or foes.
 Then he got upon a gallant steed,
 The which was worth angels ten,
 With a mantle of green, most brave to be seen,
 He left all his merry men.

And riding towards Nottingham,
 Some pastime for to spy,
 There was he aware of a jolly Beggar,
 As e'er he beheld with his eye.
 An old patch'd coat the beggar had on,
 Which he did daily use to wear;
 And many a bag about him did wag,
 Which made Robin Hood to him repair.
 God speed, God speed, said Robin Hood then,
 What countryman, tell unto me?
 I am Yorkshire, Sir, but ere you go far,
 Some charity give unto me.
 I have no money, said Robin Hood then,
 But a ranger within the wood;
 I am an outlaw, as many do know,
 My name it is Robin Hood.
 But yet I must tell thee, bonny beggar,
 That a bout with thee I must try;
 Thy coat of grey, lay down I say,
 And I my mantle of green shall lay by.
 Content, content, the beggar he cry'd,
 Thy part it will be the worse;
 For I hope this bout will give thee the rout,
 And then have at thy purse.
 The beggar he had a mickle long staff,
 And Robin had a nut brown sword:
 The beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,
 But gave him ne'er a word.
 Fight on, fight on, said Robin Hood then,
 This game well pleaseth me,
 For every blow that Robin gave,
 The beggar gave buffets three.
 And fighting there full hard and fore,
 Not far from Nottingham town,
 They never fled, 'till from Robin Hood's head,
 The blood it ran trickling down.
 O hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
 And thou and I will agree;
 If that be true, the beggar he said,
 Thy mantle come give unto me.
 Now a change, a change, said Robin Hood,
 Thy bags and thy coat give me:

And

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And this mantle of mine I'll to thee resign,
 My horse and my bravery.
 When Robin had got the beggar's cloaths;
 He looked round about;
 Methinks, said he, I seem for to be,
 A beggar brave and stout.
 For now I have a bag for my bread,
 So I have another for my corn;
 I have one for salt, and another for malt,
 And another for my little horn.
 And now I will a begging go,
 Some charity for to find;
 And if any more of Robin you'll know,
 In the second part 'tis behind.
 Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,
 With his bag hanging down to his knee;
 His staff and his coat scarce worth a groat,
 Yet merrily passed he.
 As Robin he passed the streets along,
 He heard a pitiful cry;
 Three brethren dear, as he did hear,
 Condemned were to die.
 Then Robin he hied to the sheriff's house,
 Some relief for to seek;
 He skipp'd, he leap'd, and caper'd full high,
 As he went along the street.
 But when to the sheriff's house he came,
 There a gentleman fine and brave,
 Thou beggar, said he, come tell unto me,
 What is it that thou would'st have?
 No meat nor drink, said Robin Hood then,
 That I come here to crave;
 But to beg the lives of the yeomen three,
 And that I fain would have.
 That cannot be, thou bold beggar,
 The fact it is so clear;
 I tell to thee, they hang'd must be,
 For stealing our king's deer.
 But when to the gallows they did come,
 There were many a weeping eye;
 O hold your peace, said Robin Hood then,
 For certain they shall not die.

Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
 And he blew out blasts three,
 'Till an hundred bold archers brave,
 Came kneeling down at his knee.
 What is your will, master? said they,
 We are at thy command;
 Shoot east, shoot west, said Robin then,
 And see you spare no man.
 Then they shot east, and they shot west,
 Their arrows were so keen;
 The sheriff he and his company,
 No longer could be seen.
 Then he stept to those brethren three,
 And away he has them ta'en;
 The sheriff was crosst, and many a man lost,
 That lay dead on the plain.
 And away they went to the merry green wood,
 And sung with a merry glee,
 And Robin Hood took these three brethren bold,
 To be of his yeomanry.

19. ROBIN HOOD, WILL SCARLET, and
 LITTLE JOHN.

*Or, a Narrative of the Victory obtained against the
 Prince of Arragon and the two Giants; and how
 Will Scarlet married the Princess.*

Tune of, Robin Hood; Or, Hey down, a down,



NOW Robin Hood, Will Scarlet, and Little John,
 Were walking over the plain,
 With a good fat buck, which Will Scarlet,
 With his strong bow had slain.
 Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood,
 The day it runs full fast,

For tho' my nephew me a breakfast gave,
 I have not broke my fast.
 Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,
 I think it wond'rous good,
 Where my nephew, by my bold yeomen,
 Will be welcom'd unto the green wood.
 With that he took the hagle horn,
 Full well he could it blow;
 Straight from the woods came marching down,
 One hundred tall fellows and more.
 Stand, stand to your arms, says Will Scarlet,
 Lo! the enemies are within ken:
 With that Robin Hood he laughed aloud,
 Crying, they are my bold yeomen.
 Who when they arriv'd and Robin espy'd,
 Crying, master, what is your will?
 We thought you had in danger been,
 Your horn did sound so shrill.
 Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
 The danger is past and gone;
 I would have you to welcome my nephew here,
 That has paid me two for one.
 In feasting and sporting they spent the day,
 'Till Phœbus sunk into the deep;
 Then each one to his quarters hied,
 His guard there for to keep.
 Long had they not walked within the green wood,
 But Robin he was espy'd,
 By a beautiful damsel all alone,
 That on a black palfrey did ride.
 Her riding suit was of a fable hue black,
 Cyprus over her face,
 Thro' which her rose-like cheeks did blush,
 All with a comely grace.
 Come tell me the cause, thou pretty one,
 Quoth Robin and tell me right,
 From whence thou com'st, and whither thou go'st,
 All in this mournful plight?
 From London I came, the damsel reply'd,
 From London upon the Thames,
 Which circled is, O grief to tell!
 Besieged with foreign arms.

By the proud Prince of Arragon,
 Who swears by his martial hand,
 To have the Princess to his spouse,
 Or else to waste this land.
 Except such champions can be found,
 That dare fight three to three,
 Against the prince and giants twain,
 Most horrid for to see.
 Whose grisly looks and eyes like brands,
 Strike terror where they come,
 With serpents hissing on their helms,
 Instead of feather'd plume.
 The princess shall be the victor's prize,
 The king hath vow'd and said;
 And he that shall the conquest win,
 Shall have her to his bride.
 Now we are four damsels sent abroad,
 To the East, West, North and South,
 To try whose fortune is so good,
 To find these champions out.
 But all in vain we have sought about,
 For none so bold there are,
 Who dare adventure life and blood,
 To free a lady fair.
 When is the day? quoth Robin Hood,
 Tell me this and no more?
 On Midsummer next, the damsel said,
 Which is June the twenty-fourth.
 With that the tears trickl'd down her cheeks,
 And silent was her tongue;
 With sighs and sobs she took her leave,
 And away her palfrey sprung.
 This news struck Robin to the heart,
 He fell down on the grass,
 His actions and his troubl'd mind,
 Shew'd he perplexed was.
 Where lies your grief? quoth Will Scarlet,
 O master! tell to me?
 If the damsel's eyes have pierc'd your heart,
 I'll fetch her back to thee.
 Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
 She does not cause my smart;

But

But 'tis the poor distress'd princess,
 That wounds me to the heart.
 I will go fight the giants all,
 To set the lady free,
 The D----I take my soul, quoth Little John,
 If I part with thy company.
 Must I stay behind? quoth Will Scarlet,
 No, no, that must not be;
 I'll make the third man in the fight,
 So we shall be three to three.
 These words cheer'd Robin to the heart,
 Joy shone upon his face,
 Within his arms he hugg'd them both,
 And kindly did embrace.
 Quoth he we'll put on motley grey,
 And long staves in our hands,
 A scrip and bottle by our sides,
 As come from the Holy Lands.
 So may we pass along the highway,
 None will ask us from whence we came,
 But take us pilgrims for to be,
 Or else some holy men.
 Now they are on their journey gone,
 As fast as they may speed,
 Yet for all their haste, ere they arriv'd,
 The princess forth was led,
 To be delivered to the prince,
 Who in the list did stand,
 Prepar'd to fight, or else receive,
 His lady by the hand.
 With that he walk'd about the list,
 With giants by his side;
 Bring forth, quoth he, your champions,
 Or bring me forth my bride.
 This is the four and twentieth day,
 The day prefix'd upon;
 Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
 I swear by Alcoran.
 Then cries the King and Queen likewise,
 Both weeping as they spake,
 Lo! we have brought our daughter dear,
 Whom we are forc'd to forsake.

With

With that slept out bold Robin Hood,
 Cries, my Liege, it must not be so,
 Such beauty as the fair princess,
 Is not for a tyrant's mow.
 The prince he then began to storm;
 Cries fool, fanatic, baboon!
 How dare thou stop my valour's prize,
 I'll kill thee with a frown.
 Thou Tyrant, Turk, thou Infidel,
 Thus Robin did reply.
 Thy frowns I scorn: lo! here's my gauge,
 And thus I thee defy.
 And for those two Goliaths there,
 That stand on either side,
 Here are two little Davids by,
 That soon shall tame their pride.
 Then did the King for armour send,
 For lances, swords, and shields;
 And thus all three in armour bright,
 Came marching into the field.
 The trumpets began to sound a charge,
 Each singled out his man;
 Their arms in pieces soon were hewn,
 Blood sprang from every vein.
 The prince reach'd Robin Hood a blow,
 He struck with might and main,
 Which made him reel about the field,
 As though he had been slain.
 God-a-mercy, quoth Robin Hood, for that blow,
 The quarrel shall soon be try'd,
 This stroke shall show a full divorce,
 Betwixt thee and thy bride.
 So from his shoulders he cut his head,
 Which on the ground did fall,
 And grumbled sore at Robin Hood,
 To be so dealt withal.
 The giants then began to rage,
 To see their prince lay dead;
 Thou wilt be next, said Little John,
 Unless thou guard thy head.
 With that his falchion he twirl'd about,
 It was both keen and sharp;

He

He clove the giant to the belt,
 And cut in twain his heart.
 Will Scarlet well had play'd his part,
 The giant he had brought to his knee;
 Quoth Will, the Devil cannot break his fast,
 Unless he has you all three.
 So with his falchion he run him through,
 A deep and ghastly wound:
 Who damn'd and foam'd, curs'd and blasphem'd,
 And then fell to the ground.
 Now all the lists with shouts were fill'd,
 The skies they did resound,
 Which brought the princess to herself,
 Who had fallen into a swoon.
 The King and Queen, and Princess fair,
 Came walking to the place,
 And gave the champions many thanks,
 And did them further grace.
 Tell me, quoth the King, whence you are,
 That thus disguised came,
 Whose valour speaks that noble blood,
 Doth run through every vein.
 A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,
 On my knees I beg and crave;
 By my crown, quoth the King, I grant,
 Ask what, and thou shalt have.
 Then pardon I beg for my merry men,
 Which are in the green wood,
 For Little John, and Will Scarlet,
 And for me bold Robin Hood.
 Art thou Robin Hood? Quoth the King;
 For the valour that thou hast shewn,
 Your pardon I do freely grant,
 And welcome every one.
 The Princess I promis'd the victor's prize,
 She cannot have you all three;
 She shall choose, quoth Robin; said Little John,
 Then little share falls to me.
 Then did the Princess view all three,
 With a comely, lovely grace,
 And took Will Scarlet by the hand,
 Saying, here I make my choice.

With

With that a noble Lord slept forth,
 Of Maxwell, Earl was he,
 Who look'd Will Scarlet in the face,
 And wept most bitterly.
 Quoth he, I had a son like thee,
 Whom I lov'd wond'rous well,
 But he is gone or rather dead,
 His name is young Gamwell.
 Then did Will Scarlet fall on his knees,
 Crying, father! father! here,
 Here kneels your son, your young Gamwell,
 You said you lov'd so dear.
 But, lord! what embracing and kissing were there,
 When all these friends were met!
 They are gone to the wedding, and so to the bedding,
 And so I bid you good night.

20. LITTLE JOHN and the four BEGGARS.

*Shewing how he went a Begging, and fought with
 four Beggars, and what a Prize he got from them.*

Tune of, Robin Hood and the Beggar.



ALL you that delight for to spend some time,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,
 A merry song for to sing,
 Unto me draw near, and you shall hear,
 How Little John went a begging.
 As Robin Hood walked the forest along,
 And all his yeomanry,
 Says Robin, some of you must a begging go,
 And, Little John, it must be thee.
 Says John, if I must a begging go,
 I will have a palmer's weed,

With

With a staff and coat, and bags of all sorts,
 The better then shall I speed.
 Come now give me a bag for my bread,
 And another for my cheefe,
 And one for a penny, if I get any,
 That nothing I may leafe.
 Now Little John he is a begging gone,
 Seeking for some relief;
 But of all the beggars he met on the way,
 Little John he was the chief.
 For as he was a walking by himself alone,
 Four beggars he chanc'd to 'spy,
 Some deaf, some blind, and some came behind,
 Says John, here's a brave company.
 Good-morrow, says John, my brethren-dear,
 Good fortune I had you to see;
 Which way do you go, pray let me know,
 For I want some company.
 O what is here to do, said Little John,
 Why ring all these bells? said he,
 What dog is hanging? Come let us be ganging,
 That we the truth may see.
 Here is no dog hanging, one of them said,
 Good fellow, I tell unto thee;
 But here is one dead, that will give us cheefe and bread,
 And it may be one single penny.
 We have brethren in London, another said,
 So we have in Coventry,
 In Berwick and Dover, and all the world over,
 But ne'er a crooked Carl like thee.
 Therefore stand thee back, thou crooked Carl,
 And take that knock on the crown;
 Nay, says Little John, I'll not be gone,
 For a bout I will have of you round.
 Now have at you all, said Little John,
 If you be so full of your blows,
 Fight on all four, and never give o'er,
 Whether you be friends or foes.
 John nipp'd the dumb, and made him to roar,
 And the blind that could not see;
 And he that a cripple had been seven years,
 He made him run faster than he.

And

And flinging them all against the wall,
 With many a sturdy bang;
 It made John sing, to hear the gold ring,
 And against the walls ery twang.
 Then he got out of the beggar's cloak,
 Three hundred pounds in gold;
 Good fortune had I, said Little John,
 Such a good fight to behold.
 For he found in the beggars bags,
 Three hundred pounds and three;
 If I drink water while this doth last,
 Then an ill death may I die.
 And the begging trade I now will give o'er,
 My fortune hath been so good,
 Therefore I'll not stay, but I will away,
 To the forest of merry Sherwood.
 But when to the forest of Sherwood he came,
 He quickly there did see,
 Bold Robin Hood, his master good,
 And all his company.
 What news, what news, said Robin Hood,
 Come, Little John, tell unto me,
 How thou hast sped, with thy beggar's trade,
 For that I fain would see.
 No news but good, said Little John,
 With begging full well have I sped,
 Three hundred and three, I have here for thee,
 In silver and gold so red.
 Then Robin Hood, took Little John by the hand,
 And danc'd round the oak tree;
 If we drink water while this doth last,
 Then an ill death may we die.
 So to conclude my merry new song,
 All you that delight to sing,
 'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,
 And how Little John went a begging.

21. ROBIN HOOD and the RANGER ;
Or, True Friendship after a Fierce Fight.
 Tune of, Arthur-a-Bland.



WHEN Phœbus had melted the fickle of ice,
 With a hey down, and a down,
 And likewise the mountains of snow,
 Bold Robin Hood he would ramble to see,
 And frolick abroad with his bow.
 He left all his merry men waiting behind,
 Whilst through the green vallies he pass'd,
 Where he did behold a forester bold,
 Who cry'd out, friend, whither so fast ?
 I am going, quoth Robin, to kill a fat buck,
 For me and my merry men all ;
 Besides, ere I go, I'll have a fat doe,
 Or else it shall cost me a fall.
 You'd best have a care, said the forester then,
 For these are his Majesty's deer ;
 Before you shall shoot, the thing I'll dispute,
 For I am head forester here.
 These thirteen long summers, said Robin, I'm sure,
 My arrows I here have let fly,
 Where freely I range : methinks it is strange,
 You should have more power than I.
 This forest, quoth Robin, I think is my own,
 And so are the nimble deer too ;
 Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,
 I'll not be affronted by you.
 The forester he had a long quarter staff,
 Likewise a broad sword by his side ;
 Without more ado, he presently drew,
 Declaring the truth should be try'd.

Bold Robin Hood had a sword of the best,
 Thus ere he would take any wrong,
 His courage was flush, he'd venture a brush,
 And so they fell to it ding dong.
 The very first blow that the forester gave,
 He made his broad weapon cry twang;
 'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,
 O that was a damnable bang!
 But Robin he soon recover'd himself,
 And bravely fell to it again;
 The very next stroke their weapons they broke,
 Yet never a man there was slain.
 At quarter staff then they resolved to play,
 Because they would have the other bout;
 And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,
 Unwilling he was to give out.
 Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,
 The other return'd them as fast;
 At every stroke their jackets did smoke;
 Three hours this combat did last.
 At length in a rage the bold forester grew,
 And he cudgell'd bold Robin full sore,
 That he could not stand, so shaking his hand,
 He said, let us freely give o'er.
 Thou art a good fellow, I needs must confess,
 I never knew any so good;
 Thou art fitting to be a yeoman for me,
 And live in the merry green wood.
 I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
 For bravely thou hast acted thy part;
 That man who can fight in him I delight,
 And love him with all my whole heart.
 Then Robin Hood setting his horn to his mouth,
 A blast then he merrily blows;
 His yeomen did hear, and straight did appear,
 A hundred with trusty long bows.
 Now Little John came at the head of them all,
 Cloath'd in a rich mantle of green;
 And likewise the rest were gloriously dress'd,
 A delicate sight to be seen.
 Lo! these are my yeomen, says Robin Hood,
 And thou shalt be one of the train;

A mantle and bow, a quiver also,
 I give them whom I entertain.
 The forester willingly entered the list,
 They were such a beautiful sight;
 Then with a long bow, they shot a fat doe,
 And made a rich supper at night.
 What singing and dancing was in the green wood,
 For the joy of another new mate;
 With mirth and delight, they spent all the night,
 And liv'd at a plentiful rate.
 The forester ne'er was so merry before,
 As when he was with these brave souls,
 Who never would fail, in beer, wine, and ale,
 To take off their cherishing bowls.
 Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,
 Broad arrows, and a curious long bow:
 This done, the next day so gallant and gay,
 He marched them all on a row.
 Quoth he, my bold yeomen be true to your trust,
 And then we'll range the woods wide;
 They did all declare, and solemnly sware,
 They'd conquer, or die by his side.

22. ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN.

Being an Account of their first Meeting, their fierce Encounter and Conquest. To which is added, their friendly Agreement, and how he came to be called Little John.



WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,
 He happened to meet Little John,
 A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
 For he was a lusty young man,

Tho' he was call'd little, his limbs they were large,
 And his stature was seven feet high;
 Wherever he came, they quak'd at his name,
 For soon he would make them to fly.
 How they came acquainted I'll tell you in brief,
 If you will but listen awhile,
 For this very jest among all the rest,
 I think it may cause you to smile.
 For Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen,
 Pray tarry you here in this grove,
 And see that you all observe well my call,
 While through the forest I rove.
 We have had no sport these fourteen long days,
 Therefore now abroad I will go;
 Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
 My horn I will presently blow.
 Then he did shake hands with his merry men all,
 And bid them at present good bye;
 Then as near a brook his journey he took,
 A stranger he chanc'd to espy.
 They happen'd to meet on a long narrow bridge,
 And neither of them would give way;
 Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily flood,
 I'll shew you right Nottingham play.
 With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
 A broad arrow with a goose wing;
 The stranger reply'd, I'll liquor thy hide,
 If thou offer to touch the string.
 Quoth bold Robin Hood, thou dost prate like an ass,
 For were I but to bend my bow,
 I could send a dart quite through thy proud heart,
 Before thou could'st strike one blow.
 Thou talk'st like a coward, the stranger reply'd,
 Well arm'd with a long bow you stand,
 To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,
 Have nought but a staff in my hand.
 The name of a coward, quoth Robin I scorn,
 Therefore my long bow I'll lay by;
 And now for thy sake a staff I will take,
 The truth of thy manhood to try.
 Then Robin Hood slept to a thicket of trees,
 And chose him a staff of ground oak;

Now

Now this being done, away he did run,
 To the stranger and merrily spoke.
 Lo! see my staff is lusty and tough,
 Now here on this bridge we will play;
 Whoever falls in, the other shall win
 The battle, and so we'll away.
 With all my whole heart, the stranger reply'd,
 I scorn in the least to give out;
 This said, they fell to it, without more dispute,
 And their staffs they did flourish about.
 At first Robin Hood gave the stranger a bang,
 So hard that it made his bones ring:
 The stranger he said, this must be repaid,
 I'll give you as good as you bring.
 So long as I'm able to handle a staff,
 To die in your debt, friend, I scorn;
 Then to it both goes, and follow their blows,
 As if they'd been thrashing of corn.
 The stranger gave Robin a knock on the crown,
 Which caused the blood to appear;
 Then Robin enrag'd more fiercely engag'd,
 And follow'd his blows more severe.
 So thick and so fast he did lay it on him,
 With a passionate fury and ire;
 At every stroke he made him to smoke,
 As if he had been all on fire.
 O then in a fury the stranger he grew,
 And gave him a damnable look,
 And with it a blow, which laid him full low,
 And tumbled him into the brook.
 I prithee, good fellow, where art thou now?
 The stranger in laughter he cry'd;
 Quoth bold Robin Hood, good faith in the flood,
 And floating along with the tide.
 I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul,
 With thee I'll no longer contend;
 For needs must I say, thou hast got the day,
 Our battle shall be at an end.
 Then unto the bank he did presently wade,
 And pull'd himself out by a thorn;
 Which done, at the last he blew a loud blast,
 Straightway on his fine bugle horn.

The echo of which thro' the vallies did ring,
 At which his stout bowmen appear'd,
 All cloathed 'in green, most gay to be seen,
 So up to their master they steer'd.
 O what is the matter ! quoth Will Stutely,
 Good master you are wet to the skin ?
 No matter, quoth he, the lad that you see,
 In fighting hath tumbled me in.
 He shall not go scot-free, the others reply'd,
 So straight they were seizing him there,
 To duck him likewise ; but Robin Hood cries,
 He is a stout fellow forbear.
 There's no one shall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid,
 These bowmen upon me do wait ;
 There's threescore and nine ; if thou wilt be mine,
 Thou shalt have my livery straight.
 And other accoutrements fitting also,
 Speak up jolly blade never fear ;
 I'll teach you also the use of the bow,
 To shoot at the fat fallow deer.
 O here is my hand, the stranger reply'd,
 I'll serve thee with all my whole heart ;
 My name is John Little, a man of good metal,
 Ne'er doubt me, but I'll play my part.
 His name shall be alter'd, quoth Will Stutely,
 And I will his god-father be ;
 Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,
 For we will be merry, quoth he.
 They presently fetch'd him a brace of fat does,
 With humming strong liquor likewise ;
 They lov'd what was good, so in the green wood,
 This pretty iweet babe they baptiz'd.
 He was, I must tell you, but seven feet high,
 And may be an ell in the waist ;
 He was a sweet lad ; much feasting they had,
 Bold Robin the christening grac'd.
 With all his bowmen, which stood in a ring,
 And were of the Nottingham breed ;
 Brave Stutely came then with seven yeomen,
 And did in this manner proceed.
 This infant was call'd John Little, quoth he,
 Which name shall be changed anon ;

The

The words we'll transpose; so wherever he goes,
 His name shall be call'd Little John.
 They all with a shout made the elements ring,
 So soon as the office was o'er,
 To feasting they went, with true merriment,
 And tippled strong liquor golore.
 Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,
 And cloath'd him from top to toe,
 In garments of green most gay to be seen,
 And gave him a curious long bow.
 Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
 And range in the green wood with us,
 Where we will not want gold or silver, behold,
 While bishops have ought in their purse.
 We live here like 'squires or lords of renown,
 Without e'er a foot of free land;
 We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale and beer,
 And every thing at our command.
 Then with music and dancing they finish'd the day,
 At length when the sun waxed low,
 Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
 And unto their caves they did go.
 And so ever after as long as they liv'd,
 Altho' he was proper and tall,
 Yet nevertheless the truth to express,
 Still Little John they did him call.

23. *The Bishop of Hereford's Entertainment by Robin Hood, and Little John, &c. in Merry Barnsdale.*



SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood,
 And some of barons bold;
 But I'll tell you how he serv'd the bishop of Hereford,
 When he robb'd him of all his gold.

As

As it befel, in merry Barnsdale,
 And under the green wood tree ;
 The bishop of Hereford was to come by,
 With all his company.
 Come, kill a venison, then said Robin Hood,
 Come kill me a good fat deer,
 The bishop of Hereford's to dine with me to day,
 And he shall pay for his cheer.
 We'll kill of the venison, said bold Robin Hood,
 And dress it by the highway side,
 And we'll watch the bishop narrowly,
 Lest some other way he may ride.
 Robin Hood dress'd himself in shepherd's array,
 And six of his men also,
 And when the bishop of Hereford came by,
 They about the fire did go.
 O what is the matter then said the bishop,
 Or for whom do you make this ado,
 Or why do you kill the king's venison,
 And your company is so few.
 We are shepherds, said bold Robin Hood,
 And keep sheep all the year ;
 And we are dispos'd to be merry to day,
 And kill of the king's fat deer.
 You are brave fellows, said the bishop,
 And the king of your doings shall know,
 Therefore make haste and come along with me,
 For before the king you shall go.
 O pardon ! O pardon ! said bold Robin Hood,
 O pardon, I thee pray ;
 For it becomes not your lordship's coat,
 To take so many lives away.
 No pardon, no pardon, says the bishop,
 No pardon I thee owe ;
 Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
 For before the king you shall go.
 Then Robin set his back against a tree,
 And his foot against a thorn,
 And from underneath his shepherd's coat,
 He pull'd out his bugle horn.
 He put the little end to his mouth,
 And a loud blast he did blow,

'Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's men,
 Came marching all on a row.
 All making obeisance to bold Robin Hood,
 'Twas a comely sight to see,
 What is the matter, master, said Little John,
 That you blow so hastily?
 O here is the bishop of Hereford,
 And no pardon we shall have;
 Cut off his head, master, said Little John,
 And throw him into his grave.
 O pardon! O pardon! said the bishop,
 O pardon I thee pray;
 For if I had known it had been you,
 I'd have gone some other way.
 No pardon, no pardon, said Robin Hood,
 No pardon I thee owe;
 Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
 For to merry Barnsdale you shall go.
 Then Robin took the bishop by the hand,
 And led him to merry Barnsdale,
 He made him stay, and dine with him that day,
 And to drink wine, beer, and ale.
 Call in the reckoning, said the bishop,
 For I think it grows wond'rous high?
 Lend me your purse, master, said Little John,
 And I'll tell you by-and-by.
 Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,
 And spread it upon the ground,
 And out of the bishop's portmanteau,
 He told three hundred pounds.
 Here's money enough, master, said Little John,
 And a comely sight 'tis to see;
 It makes me in charity with the bishop,
 Tho' he heartily loveth not me.
 Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
 And he caused the music to play;
 And he made the bishop dance in his boots,
 And glad he could so get away.



24. Robin Hood *rescuing the three 'Squires from
Nottingham Gallows.*



BOLD Robin Hood ranging the forest all round,
The forest all round ranged he ;
O there he did meet with a gay lady,
She came weeping along the highway.
Why weep you ? why weep you ? hold Robin he said,
What weep you for gold or fee ?
Or do you weep for your maidenhead,
That is taken from your body ?
I weep not for gold, the lady reply'd,
Neither do I weep for fee,
Nor do I weep for my maidenhead,
That is taken from my body.
What weep you for then, said jolly Robin,
I prithee come tell unto me ?
Oh ! I do weep for my three sons,
For they are all condemned to die.
What church have they robbed, said jolly Robin,
Or what parish priest have they slain ?
What maids have they forc'd against their will,
Or with other men's wives have they lain ?
No church have they robbed, this lady reply'd,
Nor parish priest have they slain ;
No maids have they forc'd against their will,
Nor with other men's wives have they lain,
What have they done then, said jolly Robin,
Come tell me most speedily ?
Oh ! it is for killing the king's fallow deer,
And they are all condemned to die.

Get you home, get you home, said jolly Robin,
 Get you home most speedily,
 And I will unto fair Nottingham go,
 For the sake of the 'squires all three.
 Then bold Robin Hood for Nottingham goes,
 For Nottingham town goes he,
 O there did he meet with a poor beggar man,
 He came creeping along the highway.
 What news, what news, thou old beggar man,
 What news come tell unto me?
 O there's weeping and wailing in Nottingham,
 For the death of the 'squires all three.
 This beggar man had a coat on his back,
 'Twas neither green, yellow, nor red;
 Bold Robin Hood thought 'twas no disgrace,
 To be in the beggar man's stead.
 Come, pull off thy coat, thou old beggar man,
 And thou shalt put on mine,
 And forty good shillings I'll give thee to boot,
 Besides brandy, good beer, ale, and wine.
 Bold Robin Hood then unto Nottingham came,
 Unto Nottingham town came he;
 O there did he meet with great master sheriff,
 Aye, and likewise the 'squires all three.
 One boon, one boon, said jolly Robin,
 One boon I beg on my knee,
 That as for the death of these three 'squires,
 Their hangman I may be.
 Soon granted, soon granted, says master sheriff,
 Soon grant it I will unto thee;
 And you shall have all their gay cloathing,
 Aye, and all their white money.
 O, I will have none of their gay cloathing,
 Nor none of their white money;
 But I'll have three blasts on my bugle horn,
 That their souls to heaven may flee.
 When Robin mounted the gallows so high,
 Where he blew loud and shrill,
 Till a hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men,
 Came marching down the green hill.
 Whose men are they, says master sheriff,
 Whose men are they, come tell unto me?

O they are mine, but none of thine,
 And are come for the 'squires all three.
 O take them ! O take them, says great master Sheriff,
 O take them along with thee ;
 For there's never a man in fair Nottingham,
 Can do the like of thee.

25. *The KING's Disguise and Friendship with*
ROBIN HOOD.

To a Northern Tune.



KING RICHARD hearing of the pranks,
 Of Robin Hood and his men,
 He much admir'd, and more desir'd,
 To see both him and them.
 Then with a dozen of his lords,
 To Nottingham he rode ;
 When he came there he made good cheer,
 And took up his abode.
 He having staid there some time,
 But had no hopes to speed,
 He and his lords, with one accord,
 All put on monk's weeds.
 From Fountain Abbey they did ride,
 Down to Barnsdale ;
 Where Robin Hood prepared flood,
 All company to assail.
 The king was higher than the rest,
 And Robin thought he had
 An abbot been, whom he had spleen,
 To rob him he was glad.
 He took the king's horse by the head,
 Abbot, says he, abide ;

I am bound to rue such knaves as you,
 That live in pomp and pride.
 But we are messengers from the king,
 The king himself did say ;
 Near to this place his royal grace,
 To speak with thee does stay.
 God save the king, said Robin Hood,
 And all that with him well ;
 He that denies his sovereignty,
 I wish he was in hell.
 O thou thyself curses, says the king,
 For thou a traitor art :
 Nay, but that you are his messengers,
 I swear you lie in heart.
 For I never yet hurt any man,
 That honest is and true ;
 But those who give their minds to live,
 Upon other men's due.
 I never hurt the husbandman,
 That use to till the ground ;
 Nor spill their blood who range the wood,
 Who follow hawk or hound.
 My chiefest spite to clergy is,
 Who in these days bear great sway ;
 With friars and monks, and their fine spunks,
 I make my chiefest prey.
 But I am very glad, says Robin Hood,
 That I have met you here ;
 Come, before we end, you shall, my friend,
 Taste of our green wood cheer.
 The king he then did marvel much,
 And so did all his men ;
 They thought with fear, what kind of cheer,
 Robin would provide for them.
 Robin took the king's horse by the head,
 And led him to his tent ;
 Thou should'st not be so us'd, quoth he,
 But that my king thee sent.
 Nay, more than that, quoth Robin Hood,
 For good king Richard's sake,
 If you had as much gold as ever I told,
 I would not one penny take.

H

Then

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
 And a loud blast he did blow,
 'Till a hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men,
 Came marching all on a row.
 And when they came bold Robin before,
 Each man did bend his knee,
 O, thought the king, 'tis a gallant thing,
 And a seemly fight to see.
 Within himself the king did say,
 These men of Robin Hood's,
 More humble be than mine to me ;
 So the court may learn of the woods.
 So then they all to dinner went,
 Upon a carpet green ;
 Black, yellow, red, finely mingled,
 Most curious to be seen.
 Venison and fowls were plenty there,
 With fish out of the river ;
 King Richard swore, on sea and shore,
 He never was feasted better.
 Then Robin takes a can of ale,
 Come let us now begin,
 And every man shall have his can,
 Here's a health unto the king.
 The king himself drank to the king,
 So round about it went :
 Two barrels of ale, both stout and stale,
 To pledge that health was spent.
 And after that a bowl of wine,
 In his hand took Robin Hood,
 Until I die, I'll drink wine, said he,
 While I live in the green wood.
 Bend all your bows, said Robin Hood,
 And with the grey goose wing,
 Such sports now shew, as you would do,
 In the presence of the king.
 They shewed such brave archery,
 By cleaving sticks and wands,
 That the king did say, such men as they
 Live not in many lands.
 Well, Robin Hood, then says the king,
 If I could thy pardon get,

To

To serve the king in every thing,
 Would'st thou thy mind firm set?
 Yes, with all my heart, bold Robin said,
 So they slung off their hoods,
 To serve the king in every thing,
 They swore they would spend their bloods.
 For a clergyman was first my bane,
 Which makes me hate them all;
 But if you will be so kind to me,
 Love them again I shall.
 The king no longer could forbear,
 For he was mov'd with truth,
 Robin said he, I'll now tell thee,
 The very naked truth.
 I am thy king, thy sovereign king,
 That appears before you all;
 When Robin saw that it was he,
 Then straight he down did fall.
 Stand up again, then said the king,
 I thee thy pardon give,
 Stand up my friend, who can contend,
 When I give leave to live.
 So they are all gone to Nottingham,
 All shouting as they came,
 And when the people them did see,
 They thought the king was slain.
 And for that cause the outlaws were come,
 To rule all as they list;
 And them to shun, which way to run,
 The people did not wist.
 The ploughman left the plough in the field,
 The smith ran from his shop;
 Old folks also, that could scarce go,
 Over their sticks did hop.
 The king did soon let them understand,
 He had been in the green wood,
 And from that day, for evermore,
 He'd forgiven Robin Hood.
 When that the people they did hear,
 And the truth was known,
 They all did sing, God save the king,
 Hang care, the town's our own.

What's that Robin Hood? then said the sheriff,
 That varlet I do hate,
 Both me and mine he caused to dine,
 And served us all with one plate.
 Ho! ho! said Robin, I know what you mean,
 Come, take your gold again;
 Befriends with me, and I with thee,
 And so with every man.
 Now master sheriff you are paid,
 And since you are the beginner,
 As well as you give me my due,
 For you ne'er paid for that dinner.
 But if that it should please the king,
 So much your house to grace:
 To sup with you, for to speak true,
 I know you ne'er was base.
 The sheriff could not that gainsay,
 For a trick was put upon him;
 A supper was drest, the king was a guest,
 But he thought it would have undone him.
 They are all gone to London court,
 Robin Hood and all his train;
 He once was there a noble peer,
 And now he's there again.
 Many such pranks brave Robin play'd,
 While he liv'd in the green wood;
 Now, my friends attend, and hear an end
 Of honest Robin Hood.

26. Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow.



WHEN as the sheriff of Nottingham,
 Was come with mickle grief;
 He talk'd no good of Robin Hood,
 That strong and sturdy thief.

Fal, lal, &c.

So

So unto London road he past,
 His losses to unfold,
 To king Richard, who did regard,
 The tale that he had told.
 Why, quoth the king, what shall I do ;
 Art thou not sheriff for me ?
 The law is in force to take thy course,
 Of them that injure thee.
 Go, get thee gone, and by thyself,
 Devise some tricking game,
 For to inthral yon rebels all,
 Go, take thy course with them.
 So away the sheriff he return'd,
 And by the way he thought,
 Of th' words of the king, and how the thing,
 To pass might well be brought.
 For within his mind he imagined,
 That when such matches were,
 Those outlaws stout, without all doubt,
 Would be the bowmen there.
 So an arrow with a golden head,
 And a shaft of silver white,
 Who won the day should bear away,
 For his own proper right.
 Tidings came to bold Robin Hood,
 Under the green wood tree ;
 Come prepare you then, my merry men,
 We'll go yon sport to see.
 With that stept forth a brave young man,
 David of Doncaster,
 Master, said he, be rul'd by me,
 From the green wood we'll not stir.
 To tell the truth, I'm well informed,
 Yon match it is a wile,
 The Sheriff I wist devises this,
 Us archers to beguile.
 Thou smell'st of a coward, said Robin,
 Thy words do not please me ;
 Come on't what wil, I'll try my skill,
 At yon brave archery.
 O then bespoke brave Little John,
 Come, let us thither gang ;

Come listen to me how it shall be,
 That we need not be ken'd,
 Our maniles of Lincoln green,
 Behind us we will leave;
 We'll dress us all so several,
 They shall not us perceive.
 One shall wear white, another red,
 One yellow, another blue;
 Thus in disguise, to the exercise,
 We'll gang, whate'er ensue.
 Forth from the green wood they are gone,
 With hearts all firm and stout,
 Resolving with the sheriff's men,
 To have a hearty bout.
 So themselves they mixed with the rest,
 To prevent all suspicion;
 For if they should together hold,
 They thought it no discretion.
 So the sheriff looking round about,
 Amongst eight hundred men,
 But could not see the fight that he,
 Had long expected then.
 Some said, if Robin Hood was here,
 And all his men to boot,
 Sure none of them could pass these men,
 So bravely they did shoot.
 Aye, quoth the sheriff, and scratch'd his head,
 I thought he would have been here;
 I thought he would, but tho' he's bold,
 He durst not now appear.
 O that word griev'd Robin Hood to the heart,
 He was vexed in his blood:
 Ere long, thought he, thou shalt well see,
 That here was Robin Hood.
 Some cried blue jacket, another cried brown,
 And a third cried brave yellow;
 But the fourth man said, yon man in red,
 In this place has no fellow.
 For that was Robin Hood himself,
 For he was cloath'd in red,
 At every shot the prize he got,
 For he was both sure and dead.
 So the arrow with the golden head,

And

And shaft of silver white,
 Brave Robin Hood won, and bore with him,
 For his own proper right.
 These outlaws there that very day,
 To shun all kinds of doubt,
 By three or four, no less nor more,
 As they went in came out.
 Until they all assembled were,
 Under the green wood shade,
 Where they relate in pleasant sport,
 What brave pastime they made.
 Says Robin Hood, all my care is,
 How that yon sheriff may,
 Know certainly that it was I,
 That bore his arrow away.
 Says Little John, my counsel good
 Did take effect before ;
 So therefore now, if you'll allow,
 I will advise once more.
 Speak on, speak on, said Robin Hood,
 Thy wit's both quick and sound,
 I know no man, amongst us can,
 For wit, like thee be found.
 This I advise, said Little John,
 That a letter shall be penn'd,
 And when it is done, to Nottingham,
 You to the sheriff shall send.
 This is well advised said Robin Hood,
 But how must it be sent ?
 Pugh! when you please, 'tis done with ease,
 Master, be you content.
 I'll stick it on my arrow's head,
 And shoot it into the town,
 The mark shall show where it must go,
 Wherever it lights down.
 The project it was well perform'd,
 The sheriff that letter had,
 Which when he read he scratch'd his head,
 And rav'd like one that's mad.
 So well leave him chafing in his grease,
 Which will do him no good :
 Now, my friend attend, and hear the end,
 Of honest Robin Hood.

27. ROBIN HOOD and the VALIANT
KNIGHT.

*Together with an Account of his Death and Burial.
Tune of. Robin Hood and the Fifteen Foresters.*



WHEN Robin Hood, and his merry men all,
Derry, derry down,
Had reigned many a year,
The king was then told, that they had been bold,
To his bishops and noble peers.
Hey down, derry, derry down.
Therefore they called a council of state,
To know what was best to be done,
For to quell their pride, or else, they reply'd,
The land would be over-run.
Having consulted a whole summer's day,
At length it was agreed,
That one should be sent to try the event,
And fetch him away with speed.
Therefore a trusty and worthy knight,
The king was pleased to call,
Sir William by name, when to him he came,
He told him his pleasure all.
Go from hence to bold Robin Hood,
And bid him, without more ado,
Surrender himself, or else the proud elf,
Shall suffer, with all his crew.
Take here a hundred bowmen brave,
All chosen men of might,
Of excellent art for to take thy part,
In glittering armour bright.
Then said the knight, my sovereign liege,
By me they shall be led,

I'll venture my blood against bold Robin Hood,
 And bring him alive or dead.
 One hundred men were chosen straight,
 As proper as e'er men saw:
 One Midsummer-day they marched away,
 To conquer that brave outlaw.
 With long yew bows and shining spears,
 They march'd in mickle pride,
 And never delay'd, or halted, or stay'd,
 'Till they came to the green wood side.
 Said he to his archers, tarry here,
 And your bows make ready all,
 That if need should be, you may follow me,
 And see that you observe my call.
 I'll go in person, first, he cry'd,
 With the letters of my good king,
 Both sign'd and seal'd, and if he'll yield,
 We need not draw one string.
 He wander'd about 'till at length he came,
 To the tent of Robin Hood,
 The letter he shews: bold Robin arose,
 And there on his guard he stood.
 They'd have me surrender, quoth bold Robin,
 And lie at their mercy then;
 But tell them from me, that never shall be,
 While I have seven-score men.
 Sir William the knight, both hardy and bold,
 Did offer to seize him there,
 Which William Locksley by fortune did see,
 And bid him that trick forbear.
 Then Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
 And blew a blast or twain,
 And so did the knight, at which there in sight,
 The archers came all amain.
 Sir William with care he drew up his men,
 And plac'd them in battle array:
 Bold Robin, we find, he was not behind,
 Now this was a bloody fray.
 The archers on both sides bent their bows,
 And clouds of arrows flew,
 The very first sight this honoured knight,
 Did there bid the world adieu.

Yet

Yet nevertheless their fight did last,
 From morning till almost noon ;
 Both parties were stout, and loath to give out,
 This was on the last of June.
 At length they went off: one party they went
 For London, with free goodwill;
 And Robin Hood he, to the green wood tree,
 And there he was taken ill.
 He sent for a monk to let him blood,
 Who took his life away ;
 Now this being done, his archers they run,
 It was not time for to stay.
 Some went on board and cross'd the seas,
 To Flanders, France, and Spain,
 And others to Rome, for fear of their doom,
 But soon return'd again.
 Thus he that never fear'd bow nor spear,
 Was murder'd by letting blood ;
 And so, loving friends, the story doth end,
 Of valiant bold Robin Hood.
 There's nothing remains but his epitaph now,
 Which, Reader, here you have,
 To this very day read it you may,
 As it was upon his grave.

ROBIN HOOD's EPITAPH,

Set on his T O M B

By the PRIORESS of BERKSLEY MONASTERY, in
YORKSHIRE.

ROBIN, *Earl of HUNTINGDON,*
Lies under this little Stone ;
No Archer was like him so good ;
His Wildness nam'd him ROBIN HOOD.
Full thirteen Years, and something more,
These Northern Parts he vexed sore ;
Such OUTLAWS as he and his Men,
May ENGLAND never know again.

A

New ROBIN HOOD SONG.

A S blithe as the linnet sings in the green wood,
 So blithe we'll wake, we'll wake the morn,
 So blithe, &c.
 And thro' the wide forest of merry sherwood,
 We'll wind the bugle horn.
 We'll wind, &c.

The sheriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood,
 Bold Robin disdains to fly;
 Let him come when he will, we're in merry sherwood,
 We'll vanquish, boys, or die.

Our hearts they are stout, and our bows they are good,
 And well their masters know:
 They're cull'd in the forest of merry sherwood,
 And never will spare a foe.

Our arrows shall drink of the fallow deer's blood,
 We'll hunt them all over the plain;
 And thro' the wide forest of merry sherwood,
 No shaft shall fly in vain.

Brave Scarlet and John, who ne'er were subdu'd,
 Gave each his hand so bold;
 We'll range in the forest of merry sherwood,
 What say you my hearts of gold.
 What say you, &c.



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